May 1967

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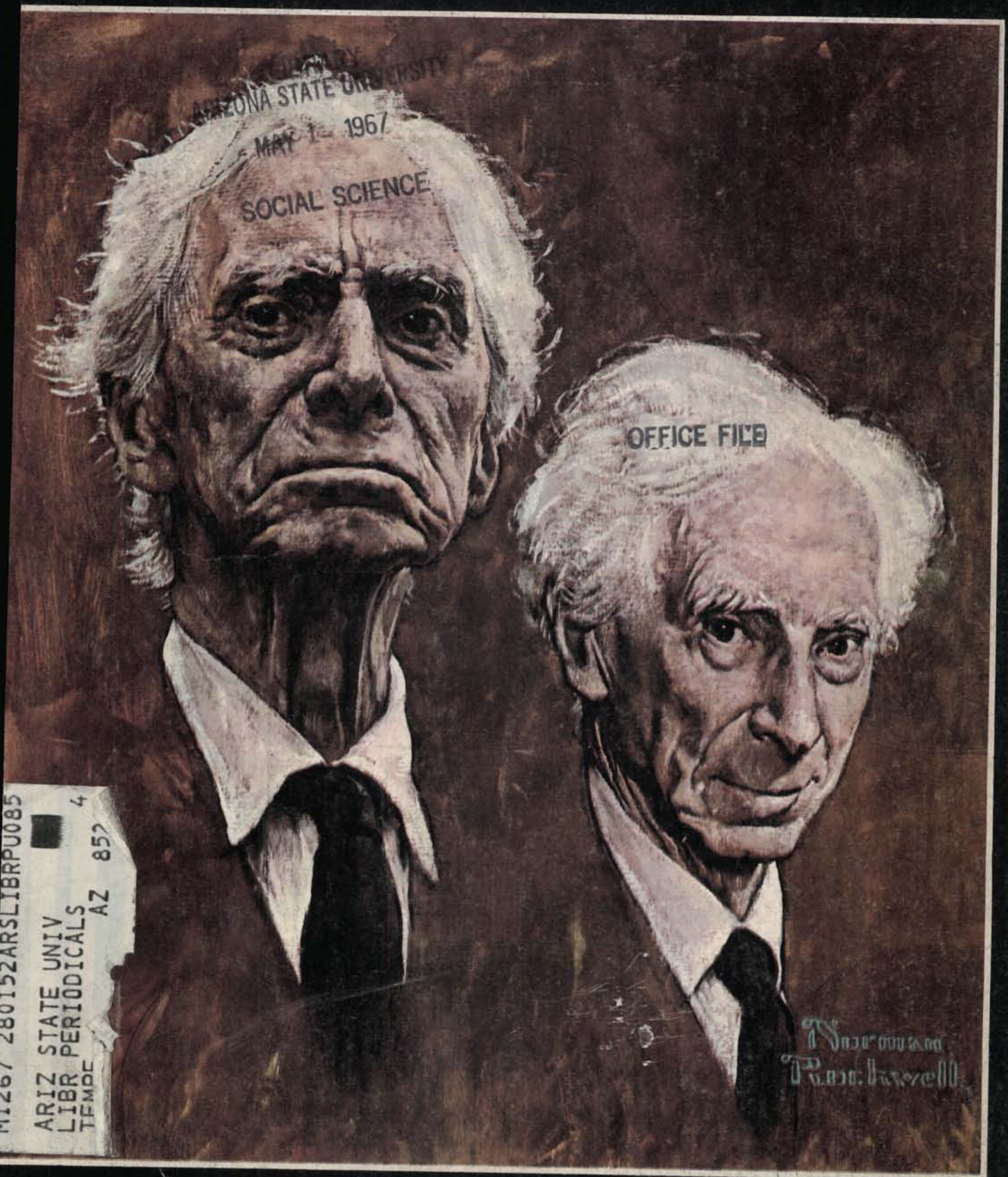

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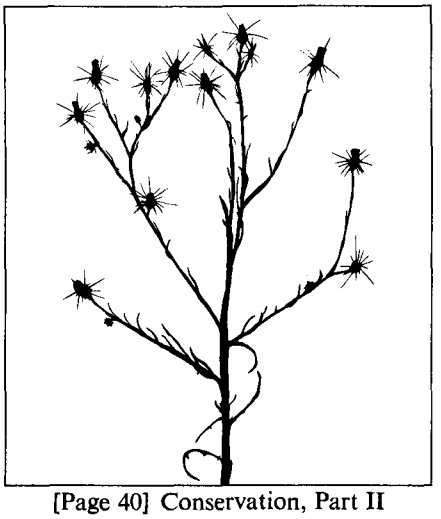

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

THIS MONTH we are five years old, exactly. You will forgive a lack of sentimentality if we let it go at that.

Having said things past in very righteous anger concerning the United States system of mails, we are happy to put in one good word for Larry O'Brien and his pack of civil service rascals. After taking a record five weeks to get the February RAMPARTS to subscribers, the mail boys dispatched the April issue through rain, snow, sleet, etc., in no more than five days. We shall see about May.

For our part in attempting to win the get-the-damn-magazine-to-subscribers-before-it-comes-out-on-the-newsstands Merit Badge, we hope to make some Brownie points by establishing what the Post Office people call an "additional mailing entry" at Pittsburgh, Penna., a nice enough town. What this means is that copies for all east coast subscribers will be rushed from our presses in Denver overnight to Pittsburgh where the franking process will commence and everything thenceforth should happen days earlier.

This will also ease the load on the little men who lick the postage stamps at our Denver mailing house, so all subscribers should get better service than that to which they have been accustomed, which has got to be good news.

Everyone who remembers Penn Jones Jr., the tough editor of the weekly Midlothian (Texas) Mirror who unearthed the story about the mysterious deaths surrounding President Kennedy's assassination (November 1966), will be pleased to know about still another courageous small town weekly editor. Staff writer Adam Hochschild's account of the oil shale scandal unearthed by J. R. Freeman of the Farmer and Miner in Frederick, Colorado (pop. 599), begins on page 6.

As it must apparently to all men, the rumor of secret CIA financing has come to rest on Ramparts. An exclu-type story in one of the Bill Buckley-blessed right wing journals reasons that Ramparts got CIA dough because a director of the magazine is connected with Robert Hutchins' Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions which several years back received a grant from a foundation that several years prior had received money from a foundation which some time before that had received money from another foundation which had taken CIA money. That is as accurate a report of the logic and rhetoric of the article as we are able to make out. We are, of course, investigating. W.H.

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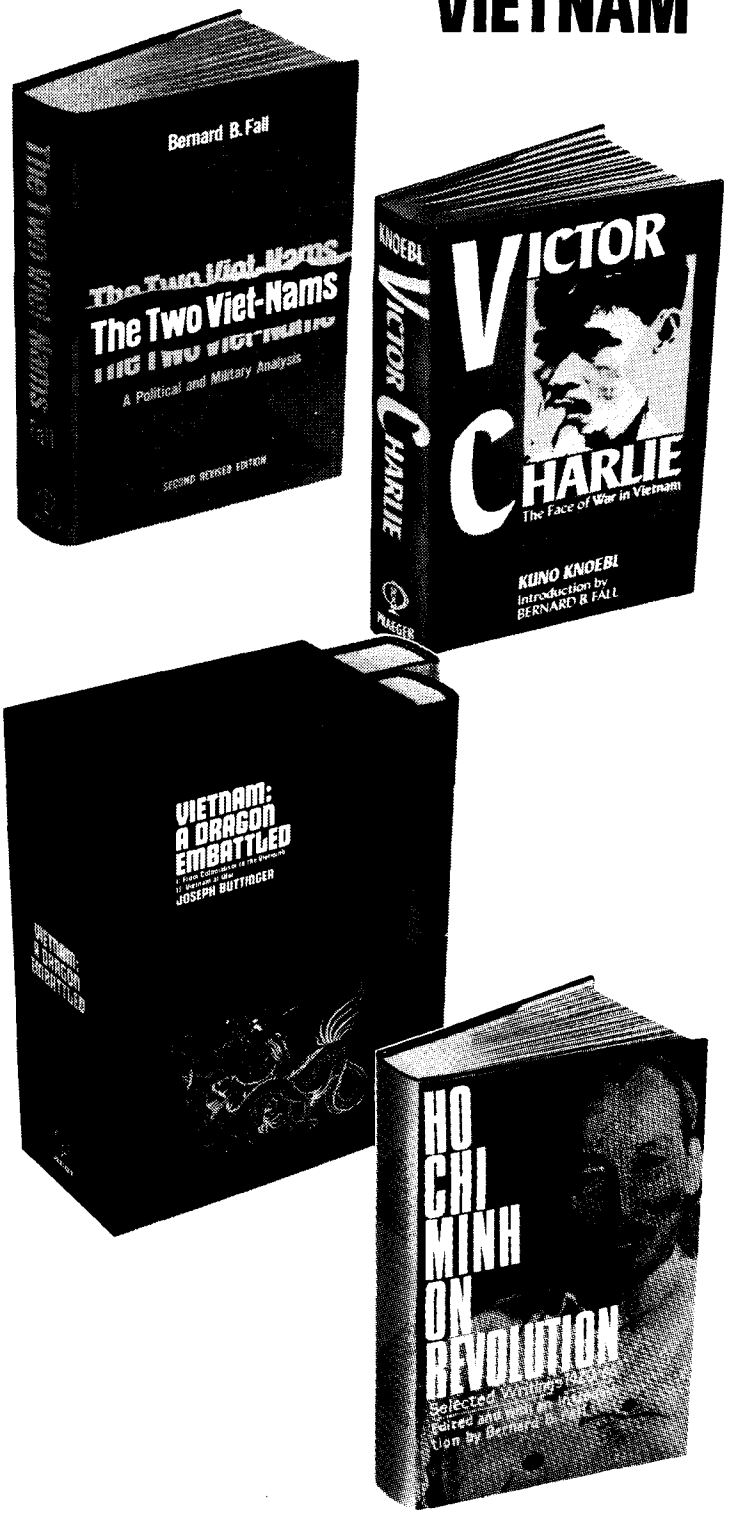

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Marginalia

Letters:

CLOAK & DIGGERS

SIRS:

Your recent "expose" articles on the CIA [RAMPARTS, April 1967] seem somewhat lacking in perspective. You treat the American intelligence effort as though it operated in an international vacuum. The KGB and GRU and their predecessors were carrying on both information and operational functions for a full 30 years before the U.S. put an intelligence organization in the field. The Chinese have demonstrated in Burundi, the Congo and Indonesia that they too are very much involved in this type of sub rosa warfare.

Your righteous horror over the fact that the CIA recruits foreign nationals to spy against their own countries reveals a complete ignorance of the realities of international espionage. You don't run a spy system like a day camp. Every intelligence agency in the world utilizes exactly the same techniques of bribing, blackmailing and bludgeoning an agent into service. When you demand that the U.S. cease recruiting foreign nationals for intelligence tasks in their own nation, you are in reality demanding the cessation of covert intelligence collection.

If you continue your, to date, rather myopic presentation of international intelligence activities, Mr. Semichastny (present KGB head) will doubtless put your name in nomination for a Stalin (oops . . . I mean Lenin) Peace Prize.

DOUGLAS WOLF
Oakland, California

SIRS:

I have just read your interesting commentary in the March RAMPARTS on the hippie scene and feel refreshed. Having been a self-styled exile from the Establishment during my college days at the University of Chicago in the '40s, but now dwelling inside a Brooks Brothers suit, I salute those hippies who practice what we could only preach.

I wish to point out that "levi" appeared in lower-case form on page 9 of Mr. Hinckle's article. Nobody but Levi Strauss & Co. makes Levi's and we'd like to keep it that way. Please help us to keep the faith by spelling our prime registered trademark with a capital "L" should you have further occasion to print it.

Our pants and jackets are not designed for the Brooks Brothers trade nor for the hippies, but for everybody! Levi's blue jeans are the acknowledged uniform of the Hell's Angels and a favorite garb of the royal family of England. The wearing of our pants has been known to produce a mild degree of euphoria.

In 1850 Mr. Levi Strauss came into the West and made the first pair of blue jeans. About 100 years later, LSD (Lysergic Acid Diethylamide) came along. We were first with LSD (Levi Strauss denim).

R. S. KROHN
Manager, Public Relations Dept.
Levi Strauss & Co.
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

Warren Hinckle's analysis of the hippies in your March issue was excellent. By "dropping out," they are also "signing up," and becoming accessories to the very Establishment they are trying to escape. The similarity between LSD and the "Soma" of Huxley's *Brave New World* is dismally apparent.

Emmett Grogan's statement, "Do your thing, be what you are, and nothing will ever bother you," would be merely comically naive if it were not so pathetic. Unfortunately for the Grogans of this world, LBJ is also "doing his thing" and the results may bother the Diggers just a bit.

M. JOHN POTTER, M.D.
Monterey Park, California

AH, WILDERNESS!

SIRS:

I must congratulate Gene Marine on "America the Raped" [RAMPARTS, April 1967]. His piece is thoughtful, courageous and right, and it goes far deeper than other articles I've read. May the second part of his treatment be as good!

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.
Missoula, Montana

SIRS:

As a backpack snob, I'd like to criticize Gene Marine for his unenthusiastic approach to wilderness preservation. There *is* such a thing as quality in outdoor recreation, which he could find out, maybe, by leaving his car (perfect expression of the technological arrogance he decries) behind next time.

TOM LYON
Logan, Utah

SIRS:

Every American should read your April conservation piece "America the Raped"—and then he should read it again to be sure he hasn't missed a word.

We have one footnote for you. The writer said "by the time you read this . . . unless some completely unexpected intervention has taken place" Canal 111 will already be pouring salt water into the Everglades. The unexpected took place. We filed a lawsuit and opening of the canal was postponed indefinitely; we only hope the canal will still be closed by the time your readers read this.

National Audubon has also been fighting for wetlands, for Tampa Bay, for Storm King, against DDT, for the Great Swamp, and so forth, on down the list of conservation causes Gene Marine has discussed so far. We welcome any of your readers who will join us.

CHARLES H. CALLISON
National Audubon Society
New York City

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DRAW ME:

SIRS:

A multitude of thanks for Dugald Stermer's essay in the April RAMPARTS on Adolf Hitler as the father of modern advertising.

Incidentally, a correction: Hitler did not admire Charlie Chaplin nor did he copy Chaplin's moustache. The moustache was instead inspired by Gottfried Feder, who in the 1920's had impressed the fledgling politician Hitler with his crackpot economic theories. In time Hitler abandoned the theories but kept the moustache patterned after the one Feder wore. That Chaplin also wore one of a similar style was coincidence.

Hermann Goering did not design the uniforms of the Third Reich, either. He designed only his own outfits, and also some of those worn by the Luftwaffe. The uniforms of the Storm Troops and the S.S. are believed to have been designed by Hitler himself, who certainly designed all his own clothes. The Fuehrer also designed some of the high orders and decorations, theatrical costumes, the eagle-and-swastika national symbol, and the Roman standards used in most Nazi ceremonials.

KAREN KUYKENDALL
Casa Grande, Arizona

SIRS:

Without dissenting from Dugald Stermer's nomination of Adolf Hitler as the "Father of Modern Advertising," I'd like to point out that the swastika was in widespread usage in both America and Great Britain (and doubtless elsewhere) as an advertising and emblematic device prior to its adoption by the Nazi Party.

In use for hundreds of years by American Indians as a decorative motif, the swastika was most notably used in the first few decades of the 20th century by Rudyard Kipling as a sort of authorial trademark on the bindings and jackets of all his newly published works. In the late '20s and early '30s, the large pulp publishing house of Magazine Publishers, Inc. (Detective Dragnet, Ten Detective Aces, Secret Agent "X," etc.) printed a blue swastika on the covers and spines of their periodicals encircled with a motto on a red background reading: "The Symbol of Good Magazine Reading." This was apparently dropped upon the growing association of the swastika with the Nazi movement, although Kipling kept using his emblem until his death in 1936.

Finally, I must disagree with Stermer's statement that the swastika can be reproduced with ease by anyone—on the contrary, at least half of the chalked and crayoned swastikas one sees (in this country, at least) are the reverse of the Hitler swastika which they are meant to copy, whereas the CBS TV "eye" with which he compares it *can* be imitated swiftly and accurately after a glance by "any talentless dolt."

BILL BLACKBEARD
Los Angeles, California

THE RED AND THE BLACK

SIRS:

David Welsh's article on the Passamaquoddy Indians [RAMPARTS, March 1967] brought back many fond memories as well as recollections of anger and disgust at the way these people are treated by the residents and the government of the State of Maine.

I had the privilege of passing many weeks working beside members of this and other tribes in Maine, as well as hunting and fishing with them during the years 1958-62. I have seen enough examples of hardworking, prideful self-respect exhibited by these people despite their poor treatment at the hands of the "Great White Father" to know that given any kind of an opportunity to manage their own resources they can and will become as useful and productive a group as exists anywhere in America.

ALFRED J. HAGAN
Austin, Texas

SIRS:

Eldridge Cleaver on Stokely Carmichael [RAMPARTS, March 1967] shows that no one seems to realize the game is already lost. The "problem" is not color, it is a problem of colorless, raw Darwinian power—and black power stinks as much as white. It's a grey disease, baby!

Evil is a colorless disease, man. We live in a huge brothel, baby, where everyone sells his brother for a song. It could just as easily have been a black plague as a grey one. Baby, you are previous!

Welcome aboard to a stinking, sinking ship full of multicolored rats, man. Rage won't help any. Love might have.

CLYDE MARTIN
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

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SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Mourning Dove

(*Arthuris Liberalis*)

NUMBER 12

In spite of a marked proclivity to nest with Hawks, the Mourning Dove thinks of himself as a symbol of peace and has cultivated a calm, pacific coo to give that impression.

Once a familiar sight along the New Frontier, the Mourning Dove no longer receives federal protection under the Migratory Bird Act and has been forced to fly north. There the natives are friendlier and admire his staccato footnotes. Like most pigeons, he is easily domesticated and can be trained to carry messages. He is equally skillful at writing messages, and does not object to having others deliver them.

Because he regards the Manchester Pigeon as guilty of breach of contract, the Mourning Dove has attacked him mercilessly. He is much less perturbed, however, at breaches of international law and has hatched eloquent rationalizations to defend them. This schizoid behavior may explain why he is now confined to the Bobby-hatch. ES

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Conflicts

racial

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moral

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personal

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Editorial:

A KING-SPOCK TICKET

THE REVEREND Martin Luther King has said it for the record. Morality is not a specialist's field, and men cannot decry one evil like racism in America, yet ignore an equal or greater evil like the war in Vietnam.

Those who insist they can specialize morally as they do politically, who say it is alright to criticize Johnson for not doing the right thing about black men in Watts, but improper to criticize Johnson for napalming children in Vietnam—are hypocritical, or at best so sophisticated as to be intellectually dishonest.

This is the challenge put to the country by Dr. King's forthright and definitive statement against the war in Vietnam, and it cannot be ducked. His speech, which we are privileged to print in this issue, will stand as the arbitration line by which historians will judge how individual Americans related to their consciences during this infamous episode of American history.

The war is the crucial moral and political issue of our time, and the nation must not be robbed of the opportunity to debate—and vote—on it in the 1968 Presidential elections.

Unfortunately, we do not see a plausible Republican candidate who will raise the war as an issue, as Eisenhower did in 1952. There had been some hope that Mr. Romney might, but his advisors have apparently convinced him not to argue Vietnam but to attack Johnson as lacking integrity, honesty and foresight, charges to which they feel the President is most vulnerable.

That may be true, but it is all politics, and it seems we will have to have candidates in 1968 who put their principles first, if the war is to be honestly and openly debated.

If Romney and Johnson, or Nixon and Johnson, or whoever, won't make the war the central issue of the election, we know two candidates who would: The Reverend Martin Luther King and Dr. Benjamin Spock.

Dr. King's qualifications for the Presidency are obvious. As for Dr. Spock's qualifications for the Vice Presidency, one has only to compare his contributions to humanity with those of the three men who have last served in that capacity: Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, and Hubert Humphrey. Dr. King and Dr. Spock have done much for their country, and now we must ask them to do more.

A King-Spock ticket would give Americans the opportunity to call attention as well to the moral issue of racism that must be confronted by this society but that will be buried in the consensus politics of '68. The recent spectacle of Hubert Humphrey embracing Georgia's brutish Governor Lester Maddox and praising him for his "reasonableness" is an obscenity that convinces us that we need an alternative to the Johnson Administration on the issue of civil rights as well as Vietnam.

This magazine urges that Dr. King and Dr. Spock be drafted to run in 1968 for President and Vice President, respectively. We will do everything within our power to effectuate this distinguished ticket because without it we fear the great debate of '68 will revolve around everything except the real issue. If Lyndon Johnson is re-elected in 1968, there will be no limit to the arrogance of American power.

Opinion:

TEAPOT DOME 1967?

by Adam Hochschild

MUCH HAS CHANGED in America since enterprising lobbyists passed out $100 bills in the corridors of state legislatures at the end of the last century. The West is settled, railroads are regulated, food and drug laws protect us and, as the prophets of the great American middle keep reminding us, the Populists and Progressives really won.

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Thus in these days of Vietnam and Selma, Berkeley and the race for the moon, it is a bit reassuring, almost, to discover that things haven't changed too much after all, and that the country is still capable of a good old-fashioned political scandal. The stakes in this one are millions of acres of the richest oil lands in the world, and the events so far include the purchase of politicians, the deliberate ousting of public-minded federal employees, threats, intimidations, and at least one attempted murder.

Unless you are a mining engineer, own an oil company, or live in Colorado, you have probably never heard of oil shale.

Oil shale deposits were formed roughly 50 million years ago. Huge, shallow freshwater lakes covered the area where today the states of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming come together. Algae in the lakes, reduced over a long time to a uniform gel, mingled with silt and gradually turned it to oil shale after the lakes dried up.

The richest deposits occur on the high, wild western slope of the Rockies in the remote northwest corner of Colorado. The land above them is used mostly for sheep and cattle grazing or by hikers who come to see the magnificent scenery. The Department of the Interior recently said that the three-state oil shale area has the equivalent of roughly *70* times the known U.S. reserves of crude oil.

Shale oil is already in commercial use elsewhere. Oil from shale fuels power plants in Estonia and Sweden, helps heat the city of Leningrad, and is put to other uses in several other countries. But this is only the beginning. When a more efficient way is developed to get the oil out of shale, according to a United Nations report, "A new industry will emerge that promises to dwarf petroleum in meeting the world's energy needs."

Thus the major oil companies are becoming more and more interested in the strange, brown-black rock whose rich, oil-impregnated layers are packed tightly together like the thin layers in a baklava pastry. As ordinary crude oil becomes harder to find, this interest is increasing.

Of this vast reserve of energy, the federal government owns roughly 80 per cent. The remaining oil shale land is in private hands, pieces of it owned by every major oil company in America.

But a large amount of federally-owned oil shale, nearly half a million acres by most estimates, is claimed by private interests. These claims are essentially the same thing as the mining claims of Gold Rush days. If you're a prospector and discover a mineral on government land, you can stake a claim to reserve it for yourself. Before that staked claim becomes your property, Interior Department agents have to look at the land and certify that you really did discover oil shale there and don't just want the land for a ranch, that you staked the claim properly, and that other legal requirements are met. When the federal government is satisfied that you have a valid claim, it grants you a patent. This is a legal way of saying the government is giving you this land.

In 1920, Congress got disturbed because oil shale and other valuable minerals were rapidly passing out of the public domain and into private hands. It passed a law saying, among other things, that no more claims for oil shale could be staked. But there were still many claims staked before 1920 that had not yet been patented. Many of these claims had been hastily staked, and it was obvious many were fraudulent or didn't meet the requirements of the law. Thus, for 47 years, the Interior Department has failed to patent most of them.

From 1920 on, large oil companies and their agents have quietly been buying these unpatented claims (an unpatented claim can be bought and sold just like stock or a piece of property) from the heirs of old prospectors who originally staked them. Usually, they paid virtually nothing for the claims—sometimes just a dollar or two an acre.

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Yours truly,
IRVING F. LAUCKS

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October 1966 Issue		*January 1967 Issue*		*March 1967 Issue*	
Subscribers	53,494	Subscribers	88,433	Subscribers	101,825
Newsstand	20,741	Newsstand	60,335	Newsstand	126,905*
Total Sales	74,235	Total Sales	148,768	Total Sales	228,730

**Estimate based upon preliminary returns*

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Sworn and subscribed to before
me this *11th* day of *April, 1967.*

Winston Churchill Black, a Notary Public for the State of California. My Commission expires *February 11, 1970.*

James F. Colaianni
Assistant Publisher

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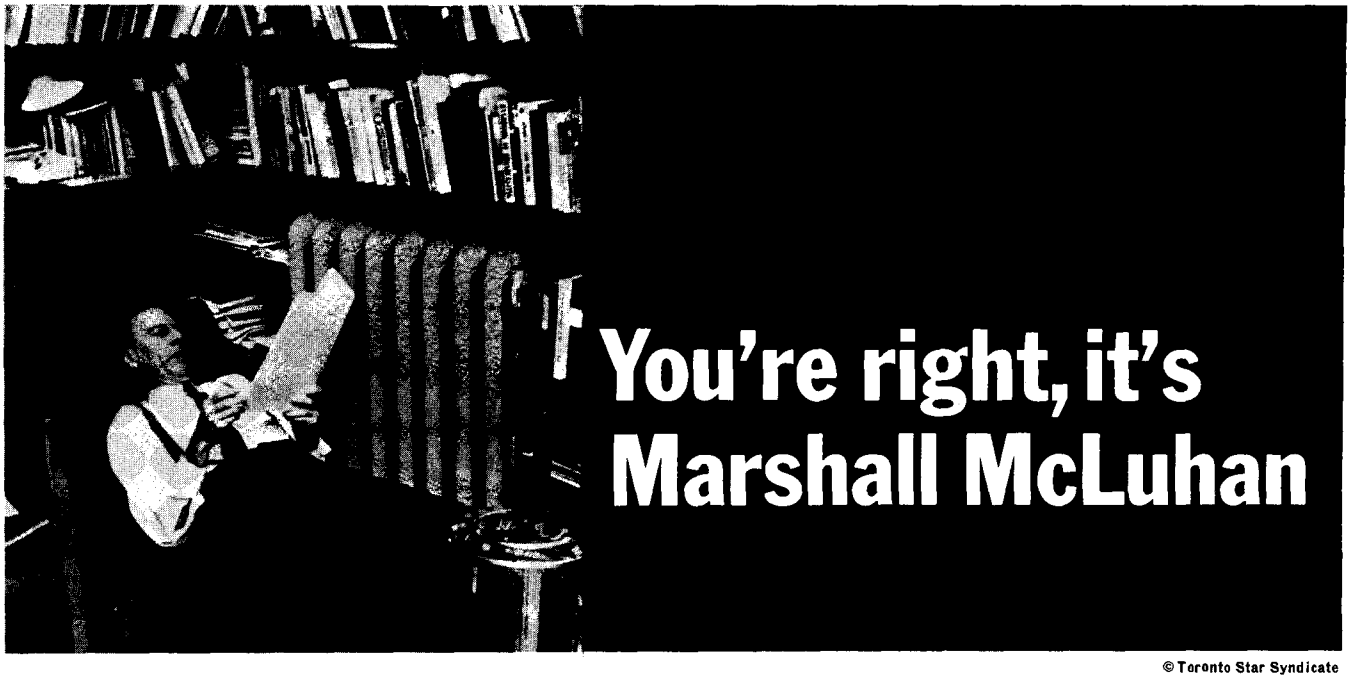

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The oil companies have repeatedly pressured the Department of the Interior to patent these claims. An unpatented claim is only a piece of paper, but a patented claim means you own land which may contain millions of barrels of oil per acre.

From 1946 until the late 1950's, the Interior Department gave in to this pressure and patented a lot of the old claims. It should have been fighting like hell to keep this valuable land in public hands.

Federal oil shale policy improved somewhat with the beginning of the Kennedy Administration. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, who uses an oil shale paperweight on his desk, has not granted any more patents on oil shale lands since taking office. The oil industry is annoyed. For several years, an ominous, quiet, and many-faceted campaign has been underway. The oil companies want to get their old claims patented, and they also want to lease the remaining federal lands at very low prices. The campaign is proceeding on many fronts. Some of the fronts are legal and open. Others are not.

[FRONT NO. 1: POLITICIANS FOR SALE]

"If you were an oilman and wanted to influence the federal government, what would you do?

Generally, the oil companies' answer has not been to lavish large amounts of money lobbying for specific proposals. Rather, they just buy the politicians outright—by contributing huge sums to their campaign funds—and the politicians do the job instead. In the House of Representatives, the man who represents the big companies who own Colorado oil shale is Democrat Wayne N. Aspinall, whose district covers most of the oil shale lands. Aspinall netted $4590 for his campaign at a Denver Petroleum Club luncheon last August. But bigger game is in the Senate, where the oil companies' chief spokesman on shale matters is Gordon Allott of Colorado. According to Cervi's Rocky Mountain Journal, a respected Denver business weekly, out-of-state contributors, headed by an oilman, gave more than $100,000 to Allott's last campaign.

What Allott has done for the oil interests is sponsor a bill which, if it passes, will pave the way for one of the largest land giveaways in American history.

Allott has introduced his bill in different forms in two previous sessions of Congress, and his staff says he will probably introduce it again this year. The measure simply eliminates almost all the legal grounds on which the secretary of the Interior now can refuse patents, thus forcing him to grant patents on most of the disputed claims. Essentially, nearly half a million acres of the richest public domain land in the country would be given to the oil industry.

The huge expanse of oil shale land given away by Allott's bill would cost the oil companies $2.50 per acre—the fee set by an 1872 mining law to cover the cost of government paper work in patenting a claim. But today, even though there is still no cheap way of producing oil from shale, land in private hands sells among oil companies and speculators at prices ranging up to $2000 per acre. Some of the richest acres of the federal oil shale lands have over three million barrels of oil apiece. Even calculating that not all the oil might be recoverable, government revenues from future royalties on federally owned oil shale lands would be as high as $40,000 per acre. This is what Allott wants to give away at $2.50 per acre.

Oil influence extends beyond the halls of Congress and into the Interior Department itself. At first, shooting for a higher mark, the oil companies originally tried to get the Department itself to sponsor a prototype of the Allott giveaway bill. Interior Department official Fred Fishman drafted such a bill on February 22, 1962, but luckily wiser heads prevailed and the bill never left the Department. Ramparts has a copy of the draft, plus letters from Fishman and higher officials denying its existence. They could not afford to admit the Department had even considered such a massive giveaway.

The oil companies, and their senators and congressmen, are also trying to get hold of the federal oil shale land not covered by unpatented claims. This land, according to that 1920 law, cannot be given or sold, only leased.

If the oil companies can lease federal land now, they can probably get away with paying a much lower royalty than after oil shale technology has made the crucial breakthrough to atomic energy techniques which everyone expects in the next few years. One Atomic Energy Commission official has predicted that when this happens the companies will be able to produce oil from shale at a cost of only 29 cents per barrel. Crude oil now costs roughly $2.50 a barrel, so this would be as revolutionary a change for the oil industry as Detroit would undergo if Ford suddenly started selling new Mustangs at $400 apiece.

Oil leases are long term. The oil companies want to start leasing the federal lands now, before the royalties will be figured on the basis of the atomic energy process. Theoretically, royalties set now could be raised later on, but no congressman likes to vote directly against the oil companies.

A number of oil executives have come out with supposedly independent statements on what they think would be fair royalty to the federal government on oil shale leases. Curiously, all the oil industry executives seem to agree that the "fair" royalty would be five per cent. This means that for every dollar's worth of oil taken from taxpayers' land, only five cents would go to the taxpayers. But even now, the federal government gets a royalty two and a half times that much on the crude petroleum lands it leases, as does the State of Utah on long-term leases of its comparatively poor state-owned shale land. The price is still higher for offshore oil.

Only a few voices have questioned why the oil companies don't start producing shale oil on their own lands before they try to lease federal land. One is economist John Kenneth Galbraith. "We should have an orderly development of the oil shale industry, but . . . it does not mean selling off shale lands to oil companies as Senator Allott proposes," Galbraith has written, "for the oil companies would not develop the oil shale in the coming years. They want to get it cheaply now and hold it for some distant day. . . . Foresighted efforts in the past have kept these lands from those who, under the sanction of private enterprise, view public property only as an opportunity for personal profit."

Conservationists also should be alarmed by the oil interests' headlong push to lease federal lands and start an oil shale industry. So far, experimental production of shale oil involves mining the shale, then crushing it and heating it to get the oil out. But the problem here is that for every ton of shale mined and processed, you are left with roughly 1500 pounds of hot crushed rock and ash. This has to be left somewhere. Think of what Appalachia would look like if three quarters of the coal taken from every

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coal mine had to be left somewhere near the mine. The waste products resulting from present shale mining methods would be mountains of rock and dust, thousands of feet high, which would hardly improve the wild and beautiful scenery of one of the last great unspoiled areas of the American West.

That is why it is vitally important to wait for technological advances before *any* oil shale production is begun. What scientists are working on now—and the atomic energy method looks most hopeful—is what is called *in situ* retorting. *In situ* retorting basically means getting the oil out of the rock without getting the rock out of the ground. It involves melting the oil out of the rock by means of underground explosions and heating, then drilling a standard well to suck the oil out. This method wouldn't permanently scar the landscape.

Secretary Udall's recent statements on oil shale development policy have had vague references to "conservationist values" and the like. But he has not flatly committed himself to forbid leasing of federal oil shale lands unless the developing companies guarantee they will use *in situ* retorting. If he does not do this, the western slope of the Rockies may be spoiled forever. It is also a necessity if the air and rivers of Colorado are to be protected against pollution by the fine ash from these unsightly man-made mountains.

Besides trying to influence national oil shale policy and legislation, the oil interests have from time to time made use of politicians for other purposes. Many holders of unpatented oil shale claims have twisted a few political arms to try to get their claims patented. And sometimes these arms have been powerful ones. For example, Harlan H. Hugg, a somewhat enigmatic banker and businessman in El Paso, has some friends in high places in Washington. He also has been busily buying up old oil shale claims. An Interior Department internal memorandum in the Bureau of Land Management's public files mentions that Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico once specially took up the matter of Hugg's unpatented claims with former Under Secretary of the Interior John Carver. On another occasion, Hugg sought help from more powerful sources. Bureau of Land Management employees recall the office flap created about seven or eight years ago when the office of Lyndon B. Johnson tried to get the Interior Department to patent Hugg's claims. Hugg wrote a letter on July 12, 1961, to a high Interior Department official complaining about his unpatented claims. One copy of the letter went to his lawyer, and one to "The Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson."

[FRONT NO. 2: A FLANKING MANEUVER]

In case they get frustrated in their attempts to lease federal oil shale or get pre-1920 claims patented, certain oil interests have attacked from another direction. A little over a year ago, western Colorado and the nearby parts of Utah and Wyoming were the scene of a series of "rushes" for various minerals. When Congress "withdrew" the federal oil shale lands from availability for claim in 1920, it kept for the government just the oil and certain other substances.

For most of 1966, men swarmed over still-unclaimed parts of the federal oil shale lands and claimed them for a variety of other minerals, chiefly dawsonite, something thought potentially valuable in making aluminum. It's not fully clear yet if dawsonite is a "claimable" mineral under U.S. law, but people have been staking claims for it like mad. "Throughout the summer," said Frank Barry, solicitor of the Department of the Interior, in a recent speech, "claims were located at the rate of several hundred per week. By the end of August, essentially all the Federal land in the Piceance Basin [the richest part of the oil shale land] not covered by oil shale claims . . . was covered by an estimated 3500 new claims."

To be sure, dawsonite itself may be valuable. But there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that the big rush was largely by companies interested in oil.

The dawsonite comes in the same shale the oil does. Therefore, if you can get a patented claim which allows you to mine dawsonite, you almost force the Department of the Interior to lease you the mining rights for oil. It is no surprise that a number of oil companies have some of the largest interests in the new dawsonite claims. Among them are the Ancar Oil Company of Boston, the Liberty Oil Company of Toledo, Ohio and several oil firms from Texas.

But there is something even more suspicious going on here. Early this year, the Interior Department decided to "withdraw" these lands from their current availability for claim for dawsonite and other minerals. The Interior Department has the power to hold back federal land under certain conditions, and to say that no more mining claims can be staked. But the Department did not make this "withdrawal" until *after* almost all the richest lands had been claimed. According to reliable sources, the man responsible for the delay was former Under Secretary of the Interior John A. Carver, long the spokesman inside the Department for private oil shale interests. Secretary Udall seems to have stood back and done nothing.

[FRONT NO. 3: "YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE BIG BOYS"]

Before you can understand the full story of oil shale, you must know something about the complex field of American mineral law. There are not very many mineral lawyers in the United States. There are still fewer in Colorado, and only a few of those know the history of litigation involving the oil shale deposits. And only a few of this small group are not working for oil companies or for holders of unpatented oil shale claims. Most of the remainder are or were in the Denver regional office of the legal division—the Solicitor's office—of the Interior Department.

It was to a few members of this small group of men and women that strange things began happening several years ago. It is a difficult story to trace fully, because several of the principals are too scared to talk.

If you mention the name of Fred March in certain government circles in Denver, people will shake their heads and mumble something about how "you can't fight the big boys." Fred March tried. A brilliant lawyer (he placed third in a field of 319 when he took the Texas bar exam), he worked for nearly a decade in the Solicitor's office in Denver.

Fred March spent most of his time on oil shale work from about 1957 on. During the late '50s, applications for patents on unpatented claims passed over his desk. A stickler for points of law, he seized every opportunity that might provide reason not to patent an oil shale claim. Though he had no power himself to disapprove patent applications, he turned up much information on fraudulent claims that his supervisors could not ignore. During the transition between the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, many claim-holding oil

Continued on page 49

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I WAS AMBIVALENT about taking the train that cold February day up past the surly coastal towns and trailer camps of North Wales to Penrhyndeudraeth, where I was to interview Lord Bertrand Russell. The prospect of meeting Russell was exciting enough, but as I respect his work I didn't relish the possibility of having to send back an interview with a man I fully thought could be mad. Perhaps mad is too harsh a word, but it is in the spirit of most journalistic accounts of Russell's activities.

The American press works continuously away at its captive audience, and I had come, despite myself, to accept the plausibility of our media's recent and massive denigration of Russell. The object of the attack was his call for an International War Crimes Tribunal on America's actions in Vietnam. The bleaker accounts had it that Lord Russell was all but stuffed and under the control of a wicked puppeteer—the American, Ralph Schoenman, whose only passion was a hatred of the country which had raised him. The more responsible New York Times merely inquired editorially if "this unsavory business [is] the work of Bertrand Russell, or, in reality, that of Ralph Schoenman? Some will say it makes no difference whether the aged philosopher has become a mere stooge of a bitter propagandist; but it adds a poignant touch to this episode that the answer cannot be known."

I was intrigued by the harshness of the Times' language and the mystery it implied. Since I had come to think of Lord Russell as a sort of international ombudsman concerned with the dangerous global games played by the more recognized heads of state, I was disturbed by the charges. And then, too, why didn't one ever hear any answers to the questions posed by the Times?

It was tea time when I arrived at the old Welsh home with its magnificent view of an agriculturally useless valley, rocky but beautifully green. Chris Farley, one of Russell's aides, ushered me into the Lord's sitting room, the one with the flower-print chair. Farley functions as Russell's personal secretary and spends more time with him than does Ralph Schoenman, who is usually trotting around the world somewhere, as he was that day. Russell had not yet descended from the upstairs rooms where he does most of his work, and I began to scan the bookcases lining the walls, one third of which were entirely filled with his own contributions.

One of the volumes, *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*, had established Russell as a staunch anti-communist. He persisted in this view during the years that followed its publication, which allowed Life magazine on Russell's 80th birthday in 1952 to excuse his occasional transgressions. In a flattering editorial entitled, "A Great Mind is Still Annoying and Adorning Our Age," Life held: "No intellectual in the world has a better anti-communist record; he went to Russia in 1920 and called the turn in *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism* so accurately that the book could be reissued unchanged and unchallengeable 29 years later."

But that was 15 years ago, and I was reflecting on the ups and downs of the Lord's relations with the Luce empire when he shuffled into the sitting room to shake hands and offer me China tea and the sandwiches which had been set out on a little table near the fireplace. He was older and weaker looking than I had expected from those fiery pictures of him that one sees. There is some initial shock in recognizing that the man is, after all, to be 95 years old this May. His body is marked by the fragility of age, his walk is more shuffle than stride, and as he goes up and down the staircase, it seems a point of pride for him to rely on the bannister and shun all assistance. It is also clear that he tires easily. But once one is over the

impact of Russell's age, it seems a remarkable thing that he has held up so well. There is none of the nervous shaking or doubled up posture that is associated with the old. The famous Russell head juts out aggressively, just as it does on the bust in his hallway, and when he speaks, his voice dominates the listener and is uncomfortably lucid.

Russell dictates most of his books, and his logic is quite clear, as I discovered as we talked. But he is terribly shy, and that quality combined with his age causes him to speak in a low, distant tone. I was told that his interviews frequently remain on this level, which may account for some of the negative press reports.

After adjusting my little Japanese tape recorder, I began by asking Russell the inevitable question: why was he no longer as hostile to communism as he was in the *Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*? He answered: "Well, I think that communism now is a very much better thing than it was in 1920. It was in 1920 that I condemned it, and in

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1920 it was already the embodiment of whatshisname—Stalin. I visited the Soviet Union in 1920 and they all seemed to have a kind of personal bitterness, and, well, a punitive psychology, which is not the right one."

Russell's attitude towards the Soviet Union began to shift with the death of Stalin and the liberalization under Khrushchev. He told me, "It is the effect of Bolshevism that it entirely depends on the individual leader. You think it doesn't, but in fact it does. The Soviet government under Khrushchev was a very different thing from the Soviet government under Stalin." I interjected that Khrushchev had suppressed the Hungarian uprising and that Russell had condemned him rather severely for that. He replied, "Yes. Well, I thought it deserved condemnation." And as the old man went on, one was drawn into his world of terribly simple logic and moral consistency.

Professor Sidney Hook and others who now attack Russell had been pleased with his earlier indictment of the

Russians. Those Cold War intellectuals had loved Russell on Hungary, but when he came to turn the same moral and logical guns on U.S. involvement in Cuba and Vietnam, they pronounced him a "non-person."

THIS WAS THE MAIN ISSUE in Bernard Levin's article on Russell which appeared in the New York Times Sunday magazine, on February 19 of this year. Levin, a hawkish English intellectual, was outraged at Russell's refusal to use a double standard in his judgments of the Cold War. The article bore none of the usual marks of obvious restraint which has been the Times' most saleable commodity:

> What, then, has happened to Russell, grandson of one of Queen Victoria's most distinguished Prime Ministers . . . relentless critic of Communism in theory and practice, friend and associate through three-quarters of a century of many—perhaps most—of the world's greatest statesmen, writers, thinkers? . . .
>
> How has it come about that a man possessed of one of the finest, most acute minds of our time—of *any* time—has fallen into a state of such gullibility, lack of discrimination, twisted logic and rancorous hatred of the United States that he has turned into a full-time purveyor of political garbage indistinguishable from the routine products of the Soviet machine?

Could Levin have been serious in accusing Russell of "rancorous hatred" in the same sentence in which he himself uses the words "full-time purveyor of political garbage"? But Levin is serious, as are the New York Times, the London Times, Newsweek, Look and Time, which have scorned Russell and held him in contempt.

What the critics cannot accept, psychologically or politically, is Russell's bent for defining the U.S. role in Vietnam as analogous to the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, the French colonialists in Algeria, and the Russians in Hungary.

Levin could hardly be expected to accept this analogy since he had co-signed a letter to the London Times some weeks before his New York Times article was printed, which offered "unequivocal support" for the U.S. position in Vietnam. It is certainly his prerogative to offer himself up in that way, but it strikes me as dishonest for him to pretend that his support for the war has nothing at all to do with his criticisms of Russell. It is worth noting here as typical of a favorite ploy of Russell's critics who prefer to dwell on the "unreasonableness of Russell's style" rather than confront the issues which he has raised.

Some of the criticism has been humorously beside the point. A recent article in Look magazine developed a psychological critique of Russell, centering on his personal relations. The magazine wrote of Russell's ties with his wife: "In her youth Russell had preferred her sister. She was 52, he was 80, when at last her dream came true." Which is a significant detail, no doubt, but a spokesman for Russell's office pointed out that Lady Russell had no sister.

Russell remains unperturbed by his critics and responds only when it serves to extend his forum, as is the case with his innumerable letters to the press. He is deadly serious about the Vietnam war and keeping the peace, and regrets that he does not have as much time as he used to for indulging the more obvious apologists. I reported on Sidney Hook's most recent criticisms of Russell and he answered, "Well, I never . . . I can't be bothered with Sidney Hook." And when I asked why there are so many attacks on him, Russell responded, "I suppose they think I'm effective. I cannot see any other reason, but it is the only thing that encourages me."

Since Russell has been accused of being myopic about

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the government of North Vietnam and simplistic in his support for its position vis à vis the United States, I found the following exchange with his assistant, Chris Farley, interesting:

FARLEY: In underdeveloped countries—for example, Ho Chi Minh in North Vietnam has power in a small country, but he has devoted nearly all that state power to development programs, to education, housing, agriculture, that sort of thing. That's not a very dangerous form of state power, do you think, sir?

RUSSELL: No, except for the Vietnamese.

Russell then went on to argue that although the North Vietnamese had been beleaguered by the West and "I support them because of that," their rigorous development programs and discipline had nonetheless been overemphasized. It was the same mistake the Russians had made earlier: "You see, the Russians in 1920 and following years developed their military entirely, and the result was that when they finished they were all militarists."

Russell has been attacked by many in the English peace movement for allegedly having abandoned his earlier concern with the dangers of nuclear war, great power rivalry and chauvinism to the peace. He was quite clear in refuting this assertion:

> I think that nuclear war is the greatest peril facing the world. I think that it is a greater peril than communist dictation or conservative dictation, and I should certainly oppose anything that would involve a difficult nuclear war. . . . On the whole I think people make too much of the differences between nations. I think the Americans are bad. I think the Russians are bad. I think the Chinese are bad. I think everybody has some badness in them, and I think as they get more power it will get worse. I can't be too enthusiastic about any scheme that involves one power to be given greater power than another.

But, for all his generalizations, in Russell's view the United States is currently the excessive power in the world. Russell was very shaken by the lengths to which the U.S. was willing to go during the Cuban missile crisis to express that power. He was, of course, rather centrally involved in that dispute, becoming at one point a middle man in the exchange between Kennedy and Khrushchev. The behavior then of the Americans—coming as it did after the Bay of Pigs and the increased involvement in Vietnam—convinced him that the United States had assumed primary responsibility for the continuance of the Cold War.

Russell's political categories all deal with power and the personalities who have misused it. In viewing the America of the '50s, he recalls that he disliked John Foster Dulles most of all: "He was a plain prosecutor. It was quite simple. You could have put him in the place of Robespierre, or you could have put him in the place of Bloody Mary. As long as there was someone to prosecute, he was very happy." And his counterpart in the '60s is Lyndon Johnson: "I think he is just an ordinary murderer."

When asked if the United States currently bears the major blame for the continuance of the Cold War, he replied, "Yes I do . . . but that's just talk. I think the Cold War is essential to the success of the American people on top, and they have to keep it up into a hot war if necessary. They can't live without it because nothing else will keep them in power. They are in power because they are able to fight those wicked communists, and then the wicked communists have a purpose. Otherwise America would go liberal."

While he holds the Americans responsible for the current impasse and condemns them vociferously for the

Vietnam war, Russell retains his libertarian suspicions of any governmental power: "I don't really feel inclined to favor any party or nation, or anybody at present—they all seem to be ruffians." Assuming my best college debater stance, I challenged him as to whether he would include the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) with those he placed in the category of ruffians. He replied, "No, not including them, but they haven't been in power. The big nations, the ones that have power, all seem to engage in betraying one another."

Towards the end of our session Russell apologized. "I'm afraid I've given you a very inconclusive interview, but I can't help that because my views are inconclusive. We've come out of one crisis into another." Which, I think, adequately sums up the problem of the two Russells. There have always been two: Russell in contemplation, and Russell in combat. Events of the past ten years have forced him to be in sustained combat while the world

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reality has changed so rapidly that neither he, nor his peers, has had time to work out a systematic overview or grand theory. Russell has been forced to rely heavily on the political liberalism of the last century. And it is difficult to readily encompass the problems of revolution, underdevelopment and nuclear violence within that framework. The one principle which does clearly apply is that of self-determination, and Russell clings to it with ferocity. He supports the NLF against the Americans because the NLF is fighting for self-determination in Vietnam, whereas the Americans are neo-colonialists.

Strangely enough, Russell has turned out to possess a great deal of intellectual humility. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons he surrounds himself with youthful aides in the twilight of his life. Contrary to reports in the press, Russell was not "captured" by these young men. It is quite clear he chose *them*, and primarily for their intellectual as well as physical vitality. They include David

Horowitz, author of *Free World Colossus* and *Shakespeare: An Existential View*. He is energetic and humorous and has a great deal of difficulty keeping his creative and prolific outpouring within any specific intellectual or political boundaries. They also include Chris Farley, a solid, hardworking Englishman who was assistant editor of the respectable English publication Peace News before joining Russell's staff.

Though Russell's aides are certainly more inclined towards Marxism than their chief, and more radical left than liberal, they are not as entirely predictable as American press reports would have it.*

The aides commute between the house in Wales and the London office of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation. The entire organization is terribly amateurish and amazingly poorly financed for what is supposed to be a worldwide operation. For all the talk of puppeteers, the fact is that very often Russell does not have any assistants on hand at all. Often they are needed in the London office because the staff there is so thin.

The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation is run out of two dilapidated rooms on Shavers Place, and one could boost the efficiency of the operation a good deal by donating a decent Xerox machine. It is sad to think that people throughout the world expect this one-woman office to save the peace, and ironical that it has actually done a better job of it than the more highly endowed peace operations throughout the world.

In addition, the Peace Foundation has become a sort of world ACLU, but one which relies on tough letters from Russell to various heads of state in place of legal briefs. A casual visitor to the Foundation office gets the impression that every time an Iranian peasant, a Russian poet or a Chicago Negro is harassed that a call is placed to the Peace Foundation.

ANY DISCUSSION OF THE RUSSELL operation would be incomplete without the political attitudes of Ralph Schoenman, who is the most influential of Russell's aides-de-camp, and has figured so prominently in the American press's criticism of Russell.

Schoenman's politics began with his undergraduate years at Princeton, where he was beaten up by his fellow classmates for attempting to integrate the eating clubs. He had been drawn to Princeton because H. H. Wilson, who taught there, had developed a reputation for independent radicalism. Schoenman recalls that Wilson later told him, "You have an innate capacity for erecting brick walls and using your head as a battering ram." This remains as good a capsule description of Schoenman's politics and personality as one can provide.

The young Schoenman read Russell voraciously and, as he records in an autobiographical sketch, "was determined to acquire the Russell touch—to become deft and light and devastating." But whereas Russell's iconoclasm was developed within the bosom of the English Establishment, his writings were used by an alienated Schoenman "to do battle with America's cruelty, crassness and impenetrable, superior manner of the chosen Princetonian." It is a phrase which captures his shrillness. Both men are intensely active and involved—but Russell's activity seems part of a natural flow, whereas Schoenman's has a forced intensity which breaks all rhythm.

Schoenman has met many heads of state, and is even rumored to have run a country or two for brief periods, yet he seems a perpetual intruder. It is Russell's letters of recommendation, Russell's intercession and Russell's

*Even the Olympian London Economist allows that Russell's young men "do not fit the conspiracy theory of history."

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correspondence which pave Schoenman's way. Without the majesty of Russell, Schoenman would have the appearance of a hustler. But the appearance would not be accurate.

Schoenman may be thoroughly obnoxious and insolent, as most people who meet him seem to conclude, but he is committed. Russell is one of the few people who can actually stand him, and it is a source of wonder in the British peace movement that Russell is able to spend so many hours in his presence. Perhaps Russell recognizes that much of Schoenman's insolence is warranted. Most people "sell out" their convictions short of risking all. Schoenman seems to risk all several times a month, every month of the year.

He pops up continuously in the most obscure countries with barely legal papers (the United States government has called for his passport several times), an easy target as he plunges determinedly into the hottest sectors of local political life. He slips in and out of countries where he could easily be detained, and has probably demonstrated more courage in the James Bond sense than the most covert operator in the CIA. He is well-informed about the specifics of the political scene in various countries, and in particular about the United States' role there. Knowing too much of this sort of thing can make one terribly hard-bitten, and Schoenman is that. But he hangs tough, and perhaps that's what Russell was looking for in April of 1960 when Schoenman first approached him for a job. The British peace movement was mushy at that point, and Russell was working towards firmer ground from which to resist the compromisers.

Schoenman came to play an important role because he pushes himself hard (literally 18 to 20 hours a day), is a totally committed radical, bears enormous respect for Russell's work, is bright and easily informed, and in general has the sort of activist's energy which a 95-year-old man must find complementary.

Russell and his chief aide hardly share a common philosophical base, but they do share a sense of immediacy about the world crisis, alarm about the enormous power of the United States and a disgust at the uses to which it is being put throughout the world—particularly in Vietnam. Schoenman and the other Russell aides hold to a variant of Lenin's theory of Imperialism—the United States is the most advanced capitalist nation and controls and exploits the world, Vietnam being a striking example of this.

Russell's own view is closer to Lord Acton than to Lenin. He holds that every national power is a danger to world peace and that the United States and the Soviet Union have switched roles in the Cold War. In the first years following the second world war, Stalin's Russia was the most aggressive nation and therefore rightfully had to be contained even, as Russell once suggested, with the threat of nuclear weapons. But with destalinization, the Russians ceased to be so threatening and the ensuing years brought McCarthyism, Dulles, the Bay of Pigs and finally Vietnam, with Johnson replacing Stalin as the major threat to world peace.

There are real differences, however, in the basis of their positions and certainly in matters of rhetoric. Those close to the operation claim that Russell gets to see or hear every statement issued in his name. But the pace is at times frantic, and one can imagine hurried calls from the London office to Wales that do not receive the consideration they deserve. The most glaring example of this was Russell's message to the Tri-Continental Conference in Cuba which took a pro-Chinese line in the Sino-Soviet dispute. Russell agrees with Schoenman's position that the Russians are eager to compromise with the West, but he is not

as disapproving of this as his aide, for his own fear of accidental nuclear war is more conducive to compromises of this sort.

However, Russell did personally chew out the Russian ambassador for his country's failure to "adequately support" the Vietnamese. His position on this question is not consistent. The problem is that the enormous nuclear power of the United States can be used to blackmail the rest of the world into accepting the political status quo, involving a moratorium on revolution in exchange for one on nuclear war. But for most of the underdeveloped countries, the political status quo assures an economy of desperate poverty and hopelessness. Russell refuses to barter the right of revolutions for "peace," but he remains enormously concerned with the threat of nuclear destruction.

The documents issued over Russell's signature are consistent as to content; but there are clearly two styles. The statements drafted and worked over by Russell have

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elegance, logic and restraint while Schoenman's are terribly crude. It would be better if Lord Russell issued fewer statements.

Schoenman has also done Russell a serious disservice in his handling of the mass media. He is petty, overprotective and embittered, the qualities least fortunate in a PR man. And his judgment is bad. For all his protection, some of the worst reporters slip through while more objective ones are kept at arm's length. There was even a very fat man from Chicago who arrived at the Russell home unannounced and managed somehow to fall, literally, on Lord Russell who was walking in the garden. Because of Russell's age it was a serious incident, but the fat man from Chicago slipped away unquestioned.

There can be no doubt that in their relationship, Schoenman has had an impact on Russell's thinking and that Russell has, during this period, moved towards a more radical and more anti-American stance. But it is terribly

parochial for Americans to assume that this is because Russell has been manipulated rather than because of what has happened to America during these past six years. The '50s are remembered by most of us, correctly or not, for Korea, Hungary and Berlin—for Stalin and the vestiges of Stalin. But the '60s are Cuba and Vietnam, and it is during the '60s that Russell has become increasingly anti-American. Russell is a voracious reader of the press and has a steady stream of visitors of all political persuasions. It is impossible that Schoenman could have made up or denied Russell relevant facts. Nor would it have been necessary. If Russell had selected an assistant who attempted to soften the implications of the United States position on Vietnam, he would have verbally cut him up and sent him packing. In the New York Times article criticizing Russell, Levin stated the relevant question: "Russell is not *senile* . . . What Russell puts his hand to, he believes. What we have to decide is why he believes it . . ."

THROUGHOUT THIS CENTURY and a good portion of the last, Russell's thin, reedy voice has called the powerful to task for their excesses, and his War Crimes Tribunal is in that spirit. It is the fight he loves best, and one can imagine him up at eight with his first morning tea, shuffling about in slippers, dictating at a furious pace his calls to conscience and letters to heads of state and the London Times, urging that the logic of the matter be considered. It is a pace that is maintained with the aid of four Red Hackle Scotches, Metrecal, and innumerable cups of tea (he is no longer permitted solids) until after ten at night, when the Lord often arises from his bed to add a particularly incisive point before the day's mail is sent out.

The irony is that for all the vaunted Marxism of some of the leaders of the War Crimes Tribunal—Ralph Schoenman, Jean-Paul Sartre, Vladimir Dedijer, Isaac Deutscher and others—it is nevertheless an event which falls squarely within the English liberal political tradition. The standards to be used are those of the Western "democracies"—the Geneva Conventions, the Nuremberg Trials and the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The very act of lone intellectuals, devoid of the power of party, movement or state "judging" the real powers that be should appear somewhat ludicrous to an old European Marxist. But the official call to the War Crimes Tribunal is in a language more reminiscent of the great documents of Western democracy:

> We command no state power; we do not represent the strong; we control no armies or treasuries. We act out of the deepest moral concern and depend upon the conscience of ordinary people throughout the world for the real support—the material help, which will determine whether people in Vietnam are to be abandoned in silence or allowed the elementary right of having their plight presented to the conscience of Mankind.

Russell himself supplied the basic "material" help for the Tribunal by loaning it the $200,000 advance which he received from American publishers Atlantic—Little, Brown for the rights to his autobiography. In his initial statement about Vietnam to the Tribunal he said:

> As I reflect on this work, I cannot help thinking of the events of my life, because of the crimes I have seen and the hopes I have nurtured. I have lived through the Dreyfus case and been party to the investigation of the crimes committed by King Leopold in the Congo. I can recall many wars. Much injustice has been recorded quietly during these decades. . . . I do not know any other conflict in which the disparity in physical power was so vast. I have no memory of any people so enduring, or of any nation with a spirit of resistance so unquenchable.

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Lord Russell is joined on the Tribunal by Jean-Paul Sartre, who is its executive president. These two great philosophers respect each other for mutual integrity and courage, but not for their philosophies. Sartre is noticeably absent from Russell's *A History of Western Philosophy*. Russell is, of course, totally unappreciative of Sartre's Marxism, or of any other variety. When interviewed by NBC on his 80th birthday, he remarked: "Marx pretended that he wanted the happiness of the proletariat. What he really wanted was the unhappiness of the bourgeois and it was because of . . . that hate element that his philosophy produced disaster."

Sartre, for his part, considers Russell to be one of the best of the bourgeois thinkers and lets it go at that.

The attitude of the various members of the Tribunal towards their colleagues is a mixture of wariness and admiration. When Russell appeared at the first meeting of the Tribunal with most of its members present, he turned to one of his aides and asked, "Which one do you suppose will abandon us first?" Sartre accepts the work of the Tribunal as useful but not revolutionary. In an interview which appeared in the English New Left Review he stated, "We have been reproached with petit bourgeois legalism. It is true, and I accept that objection."

Sartre's defense of the Tribunal involves a notion of "limits." "The whole problem is to know if, today, the imperialists are exceeding the limits. . . . Our Tribunal today merely proposes to apply to capitalist imperialism its own laws."

In the process Sartre then accepts, as do the other members of the Tribunal, what he defines as "an international jurisprudence which has slowly been built up." In this sense, it is Russell who has influenced the Marxists and not the other way around, for the notion of international jurisprudence would seem to conflict with that of class struggle and revolutionary ethics.

The Tribunal is not concerned with pronouncing on the wisdom of the war in Vietnam, which is more properly the subject of political analysis and polemic; it is concerned with whether specific acts of the United States have violated the international law which American society itself has accepted and applied freely to others.

One of the major charges leveled against the Tribunal by the Western press centers on its refusal to judge the NLF as well as the Americans. The response of the Tribunal has been that a resistance movement, almost as a matter of definition, cannot commit war crimes. Sartre has stated:

> I refuse to place in the same category the actions of an organization of poor peasants, hunted, obliged to maintain an iron discipline in their ranks, and those of an immense army backed up by a highly industrialized country of 200 million inhabitants. And then, it is not the Vietnamese who have invaded America nor who have rained down a deluge of fire upon a foreign people. In the Algerian war, I always refused to place on an equal footing the terrorism by means of bombs which was the only weapon available to the Algerians, and the actions and exactions of a rich army of half a million men occupying the entire country. The same is true in Vietnam.

It seems to me that the critics of the Tribunal have difficulty accepting not the logic of this argument, but the analogy. For surely they would not have had the Nuremberg commission investigate the resistance fighters of the Warsaw Ghetto, or the Dewey commission the behavior of the victims of Stalin's purge. Obviously, Levin and others who support the war in Vietnam cannot accept this analogy, but they would be more honest to argue about that than the lack of "neutrality" on the part of the Tribunal members.

The Tribunal has done important work, particularly by sending teams to North Vietnam to investigate the effect of American bombing. It was through the work of one such team that the world learned of the extensive use of "pineapple" and "guava" fragmentation bombs against the civilian population of North Vietnam. At the time, the Defense Department denied it was using such weapons, but it has recently owned up.

BUT THE TRIBUNAL HAS TO DATE FAILED in its potential for confronting America with the enormity of its actions in Vietnam. The responsibility for this failure must be traced to the poor organization of the Tribunal, which has fallen into the nightmarish world of little left sects and, in the center of all the confusion—and apparently enjoying every minute—is Ralph Schoenman.

The Tribunal offices in London and Paris are in very bad condition. The four members of the London staff spent the better part of the afternoon of my visit in a room of cracked green paint fixing the inevitable mimeograph machine on which so many hopes rested.

Given the poverty and limited manpower of this operation, I hesitate to make any criticisms, particularly of Ralph Schoenman, who has struggled to hold the whole thing together. But he has also been its worst enemy. He is the sort of political organizer who determines the purity of his organization by its ability to resist members.

The whole operation of the Peace Foundation and the War Crimes Tribunal has been devoid of cadres. One member of the Foundation defined it as a political party of four. The Paris and London offices of the Tribunal until recently had no more than 25 volunteers between

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them. These were drawn almost exclusively from one of the Trotskyist groups and from a splinter of the Paris Maoists who, as is the nature of such people, tended to fight inordinately and were constantly walking out. At one point in March, when I was in Paris, there simply was no working staff in the office. It would seem that Schoenman's whole method of operation is geared to driving out anyone who will not be subjected to his discipline.

The tension between Schoenman's sectarianism and the broader purposes of the Tribunal as publicly defined by Russell and Sartre broke out into the open last March, when Paris members of the Tribunal asserted their prerogatives. The members of the Tribunal, outside of Russell, are generally critical of Schoenman, and the main work of the Tribunal is now in Paris. Schoenman has been barred from entering France by the de Gaulle government.

This is probably the only organization of its kind in which the "big names" do the bulk of the work. Isaac

Deutscher, the biographer of Stalin and Trotsky; Vladimir Dedijer, who is Tito's biographer; and Giselle Halimi, the beautiful French woman who is Sartre's lawyer and Simone de Beauvoir, meet every second or third weekend for work sessions which set the policy of the Tribunal. Sartre himself has been more intimately involved than in any political activity since the Algerian war.

IT IS STRANGE COMPANY for Lord Russell, who began his century of life on the knees of men like Gladstone and ends it by writing letters to Vladimir Dedijer, the Yugoslav communist partisan, concerning the failure of the leaders of the West to retain their reason. The journalists who came to query Russell at the Tribunal's press conferences were irritated that he did not accept questions and shuffled off after reading his text. They indicted him in their articles the next day for rudeness. Why were they not irritated with the other famous democrats of Russell's time who had left him to stand alone before the kleig lights burning his old eyes, to once again confront madness with logic? Perhaps it is the century that has been rude to Lord Russell by failing his hopes so completely that in the weariness of 94 years he was forced to travel once again the five bone-shattering hours from Wales to London to "prevent the crime of silence."

On the rare occasions when the mass media in America have been inclined to criticize the war in Vietnam, their critique has been marginal. Vietnam has always been referred to as that "dirty little war," something we were "dragged into," an "aberration," the result of a series of "mistakes." We can't take Russell, for he tells us that this is arrant nonsense, that we in fact bear total responsibility for Vietnam. And, as he reminds us in almost daily incantations, it was United States financing which made possible the return of French colonialism between 1948 and 1954 when we put Diem in power, which instituted the strategic hamlet program of putting the Vietnamese peasants in "camps," and which has systematically obliterated the countryside of North and South Vietnam.

It is a war nurtured within the Cold War bureaucracy which, like any other bureaucracy, must justify its activities in a perfectly "reasonable" and matter-of-fact tone. Even company critics Arthur Schlesinger and James Reston talk of the anguish of the President and the loneliness of his decision-making, and newspaper editors universally shore up the image of American innocence by depicting the plight of a President who has been forced to wage war because the enemy will not let him wage peace. And this is actually believed.

Well, Lord Russell has cut through all that with his War Crimes Tribunal and, like it or not, there now exists an alternative frame of reference in which to place the specific incidents of the war. We are a people who with complete equanimity judged Khrushchev the Butcher of Budapest, but must now seek to destroy the reputation of a man who passes similar judgment upon us. We charge Lord Russell with having "betrayed" the values of Western civilization, with having been "captured," because we cannot accept the concept that it is we who are the "betrayers" and the "captured."

Lord Russell, the godson of John Stuart Mill, will die the quintessence of the democratic citizen—the *Citoyen Terrible*. If in his last years he is "anti-American" and must now judge our President a murderer, then it is not his actions that ought to be scrutinized, but our own. We have lost face with Lord Russell and all the bombs of the B-52s will not change that.

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Andrew Kopkind on Wartime Washington

Illustrations by Tomi Ungerer

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"I WILL NOT WAR against women and children. I have ordered my air force to restrict itself to attacks on military objectives." For weeks now, the atmosphere in Washington has been heavy with such promises of humanity and restraint. That *particular* promise happened to be made by Adolf Hitler, on the occasion of his declaration of war against Poland in September 1939, but it serves to illustrate the universal desire of statesmen to make their most monstrous missions seem like acts of mercy. In the case of President Johnson, the quality of mercy is not strained; it drops on Ho Chi Minh and General Ky, on pacified Vietnamese villages and the Thai Nguyen steel works, on Senators Robert Kennedy and Edward Brooke, Premier Kosygin and U Thant, Governor Romney and Buddha. If mercy burns like napalm or stings like rebuke, that's not his fault. The President—as Senator Kennedy said early in his annual speech on the war—has a "grave and painful responsibility," and is entitled to our "sympathy, understanding and support."

It is not easy to give him that due; nor is it always clear what he expects. He pulls benign and malign faces like an actor rapidly alternating the classic masks of Comedy and Tragedy. In Tennessee he bristled with threats of wider war. At Guam, he talked about Vietnam under pacification as a green and pleasant New Jerusalem. In mid-Pacific, he released the record of his correspondence with Ho to indicate the extent of Washington's willingness—and Hanoi's reluctance—to negotiate a settlement. Soon afterwards, Johnson achieved Senator Brooke's conversion to hawkdom; in a moving display of blue-eyed soul, Brooke burst into real tears and announced that he dug the war. Finally, Johnson instructed Secretary Rusk to "accept" U Thant's truce proposals, pending preliminary talks before bombing of the North stopped, and provided assurances of reciprocity were given. With an acceptance like that there was no need of a rejection.

Such is the state of the President's credibility, that both critics and supporters of U.S. policy assume his behavior to be disingenuous. After Rusk's embrace of the Thant peace plan, the New York Times concluded that the groundwork was now laid for "further military pressure against Hanoi." The important question was what form the escalation would take. The Wall Street Journal guessed that there would be bombing of North Vietnamese airfields (Secretary McNamara said there wouldn't be), or some sort of assault on Haiphong. Former Strategic Air Command *Kapo* Curtis LeMay delighted an Air Force Association convention by advocating the use of tactical nuclear weapons; but the idea found little favor in the White House. There was speculation about a rapid build-up of troop strength (now about 435,000 in Vietnam and untold multitudes in the Pacific area as a whole), or an attack on rail lines closer to China, or bigger and better raids of the type now employed against North Vietnam. In any case, the general idea was *more*.

Early in March, it began to occur to the most paranoiac—that is, the more realistic—analysts of the war that the coming escalation would be one of kind and not simply of degree, a change of policy as dramatic as the President's post-Goldwater "retaliation" bombings had been in February 1965. For a few days, there were rumors of an imminent invasion of North Vietnam. New York peaceniks prepared to descend on Congress after the Easter recess, to what purpose it was not immediately clear. Fortunately, reports of the apocalypse were premature, although not entirely discountable. For the escalation jitters did have some basis in the crazy logic of the war.

The Administration's objective in Vietnam is now "victory"—interpreted in a variety of possible ways, perhaps, but all within the common sense meaning of the word. There is no more talk of finding a means to "save face" so that the troops can leave. The minimum requirement is a "stable" non-communist government in South Vietnam, the security of the vast United States fortress in Thailand, and the establishment of an American veto over changes in the status quo elsewhere in Asia. The maximum gain would be counterrevolution in China and North Vietnam, Christian democracy in the South, and alliances for America everywhere. Although there are those in the Pentagon who hanker after that gold ring, the President would no doubt be willing to settle for less. But that is academic: neither the U.S., for its part, nor North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front, for theirs, is willing to compromise basic positions. Much less is either side willing to surrender. In that case, it is hardly worth arguing about conditions or unconditions for a settlement. Nothing will happen until both sides are convinced that they cannot possibly gain by fighting.

The history of proposals for a negotiated settlement of the war is little more than the account of a tiresome game that long ago lost interest for the spectators. The pattern has been for a new act of escalation to follow every diplomatic move. In December 1965, the Fanfani-La Pira message (that Hanoi might not insist on recognition of its Four Points for negotiation) was followed by the first bombing of the Haiphong area. On June 20, 1966, U Thant put forward his Three Points, which called for a cessation of bombing in the North after a scaling-down by both sides; on June 29, the U.S. bombed oil storage depots in Hanoi and Haiphong. Last December, the Polish peace initiative was frustrated by the bombings of Hanoi proper.

Senator Kennedy, among others, pointed out that the U.S. could have fastened onto any number of acts of

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apparent de-escalation by North Vietnam as a "signal" to end the bombing and begin talks toward negotiation. (President Kennedy did something of the kind during the Cuban missile crisis: he chose to respond to those offers and statements by Khrushchev that seemed most conciliatory, and ignored the belligerent ones.) Whether Hanoi meant to de-escalate is not the point. But at the beginning of the year, there seemed to be a reduction in communist main force military activities, a drop in the infiltration rate, and a temporary withdrawal of North Vietnamese divisions from the South. At the same time, Hanoi's foreign minister, Nguyen Duy Trinh, said in an "interview" with a friendly journalist, Wilfred Burchett, that talks with the U.S. could begin after a cessation of bombing, regardless of American compliance with the other points. But President Johnson wasn't buying it. When the Têt produced no communist surrender, he charged that Hanoi had used the respite for a military build-up, and ordered the raids resumed and intensified.

THE ONLY "CLEAR SIGNAL" either side will recognize is a white flag. Since none are unfurled, the war will continue, and the President feels he is bound to pursue it. But despite some rather ambiguous and altogether minor "victories," the war is not going at all well for the U.S. command. The generals predict the imminent collapse of the enemy, but they are unable to produce that god from the military machine. "I wish I could report to you that the conflict is almost over," the President said in his State of the Union message. "This I cannot do . . . I cannot promise you that it will come this year—or the next." In the recent Senate hearings on a supplemental military appropriation, Secretary McNamara admitted that the balance of military control of South Vietnam had not changed appreciably in a year: the Ky government controlled about half the population, the Viet Cong about a quarter, and a quarter was disputed. (Even that was wildly over-optimistic; U.S. intelligence uses very flexible criteria for "control.") Desertions from the communists are said to be high, but reporters say that the deserters are from the "soft-shell," not the hard-core of the main force. And desertions from South Vietnamese government forces are much higher.

The recent U.S. "beachhead" in the Mekong Delta was high farce; the NLF knew the Americans were coming, slipped out of sight, and returned when the invaders left. The huge area-wide sweeps have been more productive of casualties, but not of victory. Operation Junction City, the largest U.S. attack of the war, used 30,000 troops, cost $25 million to launch, and caused more losses to the U.S. than to the enemy. Paradoxically, the Viet Cong have been launching smaller attacks, but they are inflicting more casualties on U.S. forces than ever before in widespread guerrilla raids. In the last week of March, 274 Americans were killed, a record, the papers said, for the war. (Preserving the theoretical ten-to-one kill-ratio, 2774 communists obligingly dropped. It was the kind of statistical coincidence that suggests Army PIO's in Saigon are getting lazy about their work.)

The pacification program has been sold to the American public as a kind of modified COFO Vietnam Summer Project. It seems to have a great deal of success in the New York Times Sunday Magazine, but less in the field, where 20,000 armed community organizers putter around villages trying to convince the inhabitants to support the Saigon government. Lately they have been doing voter education work ("Y'all come to the votin' "), but in their spare time they turn over "suspected Viet Cong" (i.e., young men in the villages who get in the way) as prisoners to the government troops. Most of the pacifiers are afraid to spend the night in the villages; exceptions are so rare that the head of the program, General Nguyen Duc Thang, personally commends the courage of sleep-in cadres as American reporters rush to write stories about them.

At best, the U.S. effort in Vietnam (and indeed in the whole Southeast Asian "theater") is a mixed bag of costly advances and even more costly frustrations. Although the newspapers often give the impression that the U.S. military is on the verge of total victory, in fact the war is still deeply stalemated. The bombings, the big sweeps, the beachheads, the "search and destroy" and "clear and secure" missions are immensely destructive (to both sides) but they do not change the nature of the war from a guerrilla campaign inspired by nationalism against an invading imperialist power. It doesn't make sense to talk about victories and defeats in the terms that were invented for the wars of European nation-states of the 19th century. The NLF and the North Vietnamese do not decide to make war or peace on the basis of industrial production statistics or even casualty lists. They are not playing Diplomacy. They are in the process of making their nation, and while that process can be brutal and painful and often contradictory, it cannot be turned off except by total annihilation. Sir Robert Thompson, head of the British Advisory Mission in South Vietnam, formerly secretary for Defense in Malaya and the author of the insightful *Defeating Communist Insurgency*, put it all very cogently in a recent Washington Post article:

> Time is the key to [North Vietnamese General] Giap's present strategy in Vietnam. He now holds that he cannot defeat the United States forces militarily and certainly not in a war of movement within Vietnam. He must, therefore, let time do his work for him.
>
> The battles of the last two years have been a perfect

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example of this. By maintaining high-scale guerrilla warfare he has traded manpower for space and time, so far at an acceptable cost. In assessing cost there is an unfortunate tendency to compute insurgent losses optimistically in terms relevant only to a Western industrialized democratic society.

The 50,000 Viet Cong killed in 1966 were only a fraction of one year's age group, where all are subject to the draft. Two or three hundred thousand deployed to repair bomb damage to communications and services in North Vietnam are only a small part of the male, and female, labor force which could be made available without damaging the war effort. Revolutionary war is very cheap in terms of material and production in a society which only has to exist to breed.

If South Vietnam is to win, the country must in the end be restored as politically and administratively stable and economically expanding, capable of standing on its own feet. That alone is winning and will inevitably take time—10, 15, or even 20 years.

FOR HALF A DECADE the U.S. has been misunderstanding the war, and pouring more resources into Vietnam in a futile attempt to get the better of an elusive situation. Each new escalation, every build-up of troops is promised as a final solution, but the stalemate is maintained: the beat goes on. Secretary McNamara talks about a "leveling off" of troops at the 475,000 mark by the end of the year (he used to talk about leveling off at 125,000, but then he also said the boys would be home for Christmas by 1965), but the military knows that it will take a great deal just to keep things from degenerating.

The only strategy the Administration sees possible is further escalation, and it now appears unavoidable. More bombing of the North may be the easy way out, even if it does not do much good. Infiltration of North Vietnamese troops into the South continues undisturbed. McNamara recently said in a Congressional hearing, "I don't believe that the bombing up to the present has significantly reduced, nor any bombing that I could contemplate in the future would significantly reduce, actual flow of men and materiel to the South." Estimates of how many North Vietnamese have been diverted from other activities to reconstruction work vary widely, but the effort does not appear to be killing to North Vietnam. If the World War II strategic bombing surveys are any guide, the diversionary advantages are smaller than military chiefs expect.

Other "conventional" steps of escalation offer no more assurance of success for U.S. strategy. Clear-and-secure operations amount to little. "Our progress has not been satisfactory," McNamara said recently. "In fact, we have found that it is very difficult to clear, completely and permanently, any area in which the Viet Cong guerrillas were once well established." Putting more troops in U.S. bases produces more casualties than anything else; the soldiers get cut up the minute they leave the bases.

There are thought to be several "next steps" under consideration, but they involve military as well as political drawbacks. Even if the political decision were made to mine Haiphong harbor (and risk destruction of Russian or even Western European ships), the military advantages would not be great. Alternate means of supply are available (and could conceivably contribute to a temporary accommodation between China and Russia). Bombing raids on untouched specific targets (rail links with China, for instance) would be of marginal importance. Beyond those, there are the "terror tactics"—destroying the Red River dikes or bombing civilian targets on a massive scale —and they may be used.

Eventually, it may occur to U.S. strategists that nothing they have done so far really "works." At that point, a new order of escalation might be tried—not just more, but different. At that point, thoughts would turn North. In late winter and early spring, there were some scattered (and unconnected) indications that an invasion of North Vietnam was in fact on the U.S. military's mind. First of all, Junction City tested the first parachute combat jump of the war, and proved (to the generals, at least) the ability to organize offensives with 20,000 to 30,000 men at a time. Then the Marines began amphibious operations in South Vietnam's northernmost province, Quang Tri; there were estimates of about 75,000 Marines in the "I Corps" close to North Vietnam. In February, the U.S. began mining selected rivers in North Vietnam, and on the same day American cruisers and destroyers began shelling targets in North Vietnam. Just then, the U.S. Army's largest guns started firing across the Demilitarized Zone some 20 miles into North Vietnam.

For some reason, the U.S. felt the time was ripe to announce what everyone had known for years: that planes based in Thailand were bombing North Vietnam. It was reported (that is, leaked) that B-52s would soon be moved to Thailand from Guam. The Thais, fearing retaliation raids, asked the U.S. for surface-to-air missiles. In early March, General Westmoreland was given "carte blanche" to direct air and naval bombardment from the 17th parallel 60 miles northward to Donghoi, and there were reports that he would soon be made a "theater" commander for Southeast Asia. The coordination of military activities over the whole region is no sure indication of an invasion, but it is a necessary precondition for one.

What form an invasion would take involves a great deal of guesswork. Perhaps the most convenient route would

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be through the DMZ into the long, narrow southern panhandle of North Vietnam. Senator Symington reported recently that opinion among intelligence, diplomatic, and military officials in the Far East was divided as to the likelihood of Chinese intervention if an invasion were confined to the panhandle. Such a strategy would "seal off" North Vietnam somewhere near Vinh, and make the enclosed area vulnerable to attack from U.S. guns offshore and U.S. planes based in (nearby) Thailand. Access to the "Ho Chi Minh Trail" (such as the U.S. thinks it is), would be denied to the North Vietnamese, and that in itself might form the basis of the political justification for an invasion. Anyone could write the Presidential speech: "We have acted today to stop the infiltration which the enemy has launched in order to kill our boys . . ." Or the rationalization could invoke the right of "reprisal" or "hot pursuit." The speech for *that* has already been given. President Johnson said in a press conference in March:

"I don't think it's fair to ask an American commander-in-chief to say to your men, 'Ground your planes, tie your hands behind you, and sit there and watch division after division come across the DMZ, and don't hit them until they get within a mile or two!' "

Less probable, although not inconceivable invasion plans might call for an "Inchon-type" beachhead far in the North, or a landing at Haiphong (which would be much more pleasant if the harbor remained un-mined) and a drive on Hanoi. U.S. operations in Laos suggest that there is some interest in keeping that country open for use in an invasion, either as an attack route or a "corridor" between the 35 U.S. airbases in northeastern Thailand and North Vietnam.

The logic of the strategic situation in Southeast Asia does not alone compel an invasion, even if it suggests to the generals that escalation is desirable. But there are strong arguments for decisive action—or what looks like decisive action—in the Administration's political and economic position at home, and to some extent in its diplomatic situation elsewhere in the world.

THE WAR is costing at least $25 billion this year—and maybe as much as $40 billion, if Senator Russell Long can be believed in his unguarded moments. That amounts to not much more than three or four per cent of the Gross National Product, which is fairly cheap as wars go. But as a lump sum it is larger than it looks in the macroeconomic model. War money is highly visible. It is spent in the big states, and it is appropriated in special acts of Congress that draw more publicity than much larger money bills. The three or four per cent works outside the normal dynamic of demand and production; it creates imbalances and dislocations.

More important, it is being spent at a time when articulate blocs of the population are looking for ways to criticize the Administration—and not necessarily directly on the war issue. The fabric of consensus is torn. Labor will no longer settle for a statesmanlike image in exchange for its acquiescence on basic economic questions. Negroes and the poor may be no worse off than they were two years ago, but they are no better off either, and now at least they want to attack. Republican businessmen who went along with Kennedy-Johnson Keynesianism will find it hard to swallow the bigger deficits ($20 billion next year?) that the war will cause in the federal budget. The $25 billion for the war may be a small bone, but it sticks in everyone's craw.

It would be easier for the President to slip it by if the economy were in better shape. But by early spring, the secret word in Washington was "recession." Talk about it or not ("sluggishness" is the official euphemism), something was happening to the six-year boom, and its direction was *down*. The late winter economic indicators were falling like wet snow. Although the stock market seemed jauntier than it had been for a long time, there were widespread predictions of a crash-let in the months ahead. Economic advisors talked optimistically at first of an upturn by summer, and then not so optimistically. The Administration packaged a bizarre formula of tax credits for businessmen (reinstatement of the seven per cent investment bonus) and tax debits for people (a six per cent surcharge), but Congress was interested primarily in the former. The President said the income tax rise was to cure the inflation which would follow normalcy which was just around the corner. It seemed more probable that he was worried about what the size of the deficit would look like in the Wall Street Journal during the 1968 campaign.

Johnson was willing to try all the orthodox Keynesian methods of re-igniting the boom, except the obvious one of ending the war. Rather, his theory favored expansion of it. The example of mobilization as an antidote for depression in 1939, and for recession in 1950, was perhaps not applicable but it was still attractive. In any event, it is impossible to separate the question of war escalation from the operation of the economy. Economics is largely a question of perceptions; economic man always gums up the macro-model by developing fears, anxieties, frustrations. All the finagling in the world will not cure them.

Political man is even less predictable, and the interplay of the war with domestic politics is more confused and confusing than the economic muddle. The hawks-and-doves thing has gotten completely out of hand. Hawks are out of fashion and doves are out of office, and it's every bird for himself. In the peculiar universe of Republicanism, there are as many positions as politicians.

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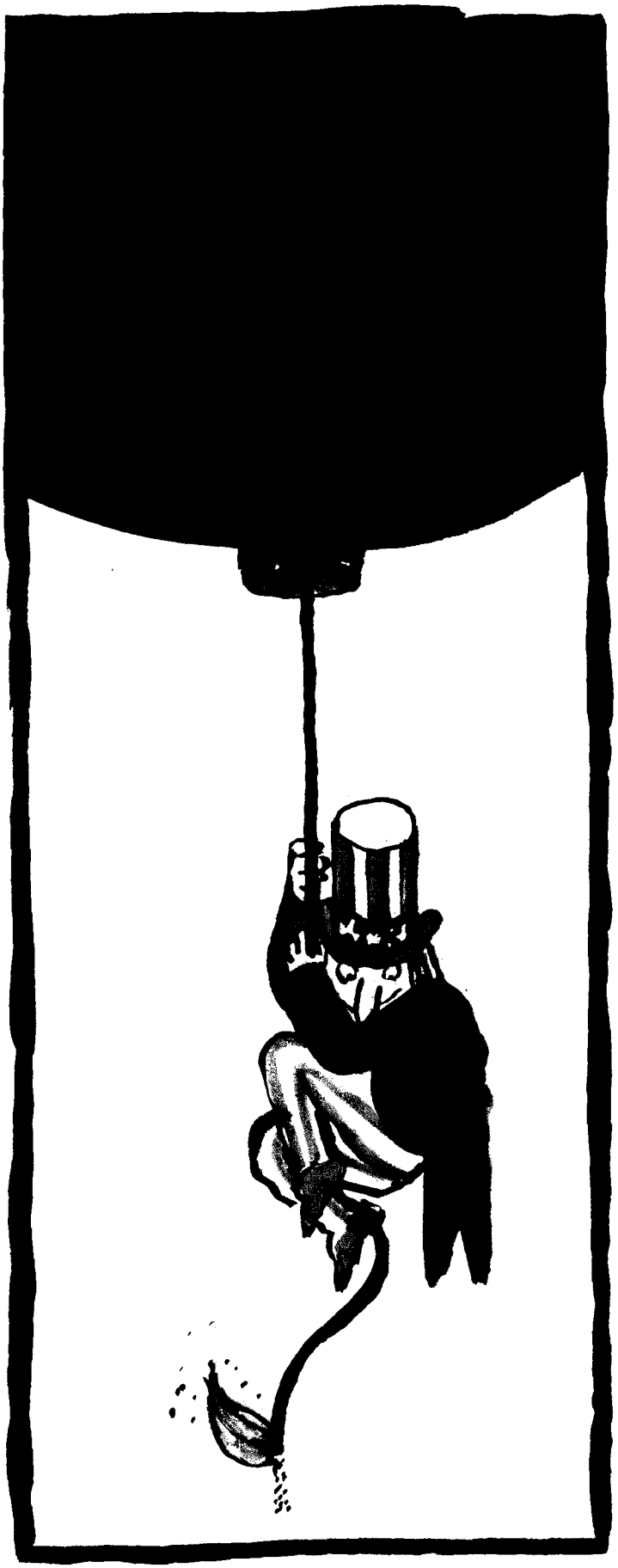

Senator Hatfield is now resoundingly against the war, which would be encouraging if it were at all certain that he knows what he's talking about; it isn't. Governor Romney's Hartford speech, anticipated lo! these many months, was the political non-event of April. In Washington, Senator Thruston Morton was spending a great deal of time steering his ambitions through the Scylla of Everett Dirksen and the Charybdis of demon bourbon, and foundering on both. The Americans for Democratic Action, in Congress assembled for the 20th time (it seems like centuries) threatened to take their millions and minions out of the Democratic camp in 1968, if anyone cared. The President may; but he has probably given up the liberals and left wing labor as a bad gamble, and is concentrating on the great middle class which he can more easily manipulate into jingoism.

Although he is doing poorly in the polls, the President thinks he can win again and many Democratic politicians tend to agree. They *have* to agree, after all; better that than starve. Even Robert Kennedy now declares himself, on an empty stomach, to be behind the Johnson-Humphrey team in '68. The President's plan is said to be escalation now, negotiation later. He would make a big show of it in Vietnam until six months before the campaign, win a few headline victories, get the Reds on the run, and then magnanimously offer a compromise or two, suspend bombing, and campaign as a man of peace. It is a good plan, and might even work if he could control the dynamics of the war, which he cannot. The enemy's countergambit is just as ingenious: hold out until the elections in the hope that Johnson will be defeated, then take advantage of an "I will go to Vietnam" Republican.

It is far too early to tell what effect the "peace politicians" on the one hand, and the George Wallace types on the other will have. Speculation now involves the silliest kind of scholasticism: how many liberals can dance on the head of Dr. Spock? But it is fair to say that the President reads the omens as favoring a tough line. Whether that means an invasion of the North (as favored by General Nguyen Van Thieu, the Pentagon, and perhaps China) or more of the status quo (supported by Governor Romney, the State Department, and perhaps Russia) is unknown. It is, after all, Mr. Johnson's war, and he is playing it all for himself. "By his own lights, he did his best," Samuel Eliot Morrison once wrote of George III of England, and the characterization applies equally to President Johnson: "but his lights were few and dim, and his best was none too good."

Andrew Kopkind is a contributing editor for the New Republic and the Washington correspondent for the New Statesman (London).

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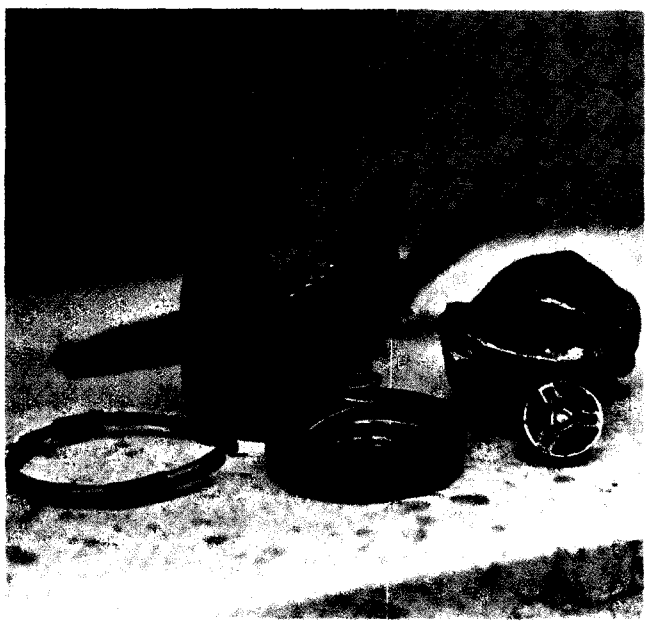
"AND BLESSED BE THE FRUIT..."



Any of the following acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial, or religious group, as such:

(a) Killing members of the group;

(b) Causing serious bodily or mental harm to members of the group;

(c) Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part . . .

[DEFINITION OF GENOCIDE; UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY GENOCIDE CONVENTION, DECEMBER 9, 1948]

PRESIDENT JOHNSON and Secretary McNamara have publicly stated time and again that our planes in Vietnam bomb only military targets. We have been assured that extreme care is exercised to avoid civilian casualties, often at risk to the pilots concerned. The sole purpose of the bombing, we have been told, is to destroy factories, interdict roads, railways, supply vehicles and bridges, but at no time do we deliberately attempt to bomb civilians.

When 500-, 750- or 1000-pound HE (High Explosive) bombs are dropped on factories, the military is on relatively safe grounds defending its intent. White phosphorous can also be defended (militarily) as an incendiary used to destroy military structures. By stretching a point, it can also be said that napalm burns wooden bridges, twists steel with its heat, and can burn off jungle cover to expose enemy troops.

But what can be said of a bomb that cannot burn a bridge or a factory, will not penetrate or blow up cement structures, does not penetrate roadways, causes little damage to vehicles and less to trains? We have at least two such types in common usage in Vietnam and possibly a third. They are variously referred to as bomblets, cluster bombs, pineapple bombs or guava bombs. The prototypes were called "Lazy Dogs" or LD's. When there is no way to avoid the subject, our military refers to these weapons as "Ordnance, Fragmentation." Everyone else calls them anti-personnel bombs.

The Lazy Dog prototype was first used in Vietnam in 1954, dropped from French Navy *Privateer* planes—gifts to the French from the United States. Bernard Fall commented that the French "had been equipped with new American 'Lazy Dog' anti-personnel bombs, whose thousands of razor-sharp splinters have a deadly effect on unprotected humans. . . . They are still used in Vietnam in 1965-66."

The pineapple and guava, so dubbed by the Vietnamese, appear to be refinements of the LD. The pineapples are carried in tubes under jet aircraft, with 25 bombs to the tube. Depending on the aircraft, each plane can carry up to 20 tubes. When released, the pineapples sprout winglets which either stabilize their descent or increase the dispersion pattern. The pineapple explodes on contact and spews 240 steel balls ten meters in all directions. The steel balls are 6.3 millimeters (approximately 1/4 inch) in diameter and hit with a velocity comparable to shotgun pellets fired at a distance of three to four yards. The discharge from one aircraft creates an elliptical killing zone five football fields long by two and one half football fields wide.

The steel balls have no effect on military structures. They cannot pierce cement and can penetrate earthen or sandbag military revetments only to a depth of two or three inches. The one thing they can penetrate effectively is human flesh. Because of their shape and/or velocity, once they tear into the body they move in a complex path, doing great damage and complicating removal. There are cases where people have been hit by as many as 30 pellets.

Evidently developed in 1962, the first reports of usage of these bombs date back to January 1965. The justification for their use was to knock out anti-aircraft positions.

by Don Duncan

Photograph by Robert Scheer

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Such installations are usually protected by sandbags, and the pellets have as little effect on them as they do on the weapons. The military crews weren't hurt—only unprotected civilians were damaged. Since the bombs have no ground penetration, and because they explode on contact, people soon learned that there was relative safety in the nearest open ditch. A variation was then adapted involving mixed bomb loads—HE or napalm was used to flush people into the open and then the pineapples were dropped.

Because of some peculiarity inherent in the bombs, they had to be dropped from a height of approximately 2600 feet and the carriers had to fly level at the time of release. This, of course, made the planes easy targets. Coupled with diminishing effects and a significant number of duds, this brought about the development of the guava bomb and its subsequent use in Vietnam in April 1966. The Vietnamese estimate that 40-50 per cent of the total number of bombs dropped in the north are of the anti-personnel variety. European investigators place the number as high as 50 per cent.

THE GUAVA, although smaller than the pineapple, is far more effective. Each guava holds from 340-600 steel pellets, and because it is smaller, more can be carried by each plane. From the standpoint of the pilots it is much safer to use, since it can be dropped from much higher altitudes. But that isn't the only refinement.

The guavas, or bomblets, are carried in a "mother" bomb. After release the "mother" breaks open at an altitude of approximately 3200 feet to spew forth her "fruit." Ostensibly this can be done by a mechanical timer or a barometric release. Like the pineapple, these fruit also have wings or flanges, but their main purpose seems to be to create sufficient spin to set a timer fuse by centrifugal force. (The final twist of an artillery shell as it leaves the barrel or tube sets the fuse in the same way.) When the guavas are 30 feet from the ground they explode, hurling their steel "seed" not only outwards but also downwards.

Those bombs which do not explode in the air can still explode on contact, making them at least as effective as the pineapple. In addition to providing safety for the pilots, and having fewer duds, the guavas also have a longer killing zone—up to the length of *ten* football fields. The real advantage, however, is that because of the air bursts people in open ditches are no longer protected.

There is another advantage afforded over other types of bombs which is not to be overlooked; rest assured the military hasn't. Unless the pellets hit a vital area such as the brain or heart they do not necessarily kill their victims. One man can bury one or more dead, but it takes at least six to ten people to care for a wounded man, and this in turn ties up facilities and drains supplies. The cries of the wounded and the parade of mutilated survivors can have a debilitating psychological effect on the others. In and around one village, it has been estimated that 25,000 such anti-personnel bombs have been dropped—in addition to "ordinary" bombs.

The Vietnamese claim that most of these anti-personnel bombs are dropped by planes from the Seventh Fleet. If this is true, then it might explain the recurring rumor that certain Navy pilots have been allowed to transfer because they refused to continue the bombing. The price of the transfer was silence.

So far we have been talking about the North of Vietnam. Any kind of statistics for the South must remain speculative. That the bombs are used in the South was revealed on March 2, 1967, when a pair of Phantom jets using the bomb combination wiped out the village of Lang Vei, killing more than 100 people and wounding 175. This testifies to the effectiveness of such tactics against unprotected people and says much about our much touted accuracy and care in hitting only military targets.

The Phantoms probably originated from bases in Thailand. These are the planes selected for pinpoint targets in the North around Hanoi. We are asked to believe that they can blow up factories without hitting residential areas, when actually they seem to have difficulty finding the right village and in some cases even the right country (as in the case of "accidental" bombings of Cambodia).

The bombs are effective only against groupings of people in the open and are of as little use in the jungle as they are against military construction. Who, then, are we using them against in the South? Certainly not the NLF troops in their jungle tunnels.

Parts and pictures of these anti-personnel bombs have been circulated in Europe. The Japanese have made movies of them for television. Visitors to Hanoi have mentioned them, but the President and the Pentagon still insist we are not deliberately killing civilians. Both are reluctant to discuss either the guava or the pineapple, to the point of not even revealing their true nomenclature.

Since at the very least, the use of anti-personnel bombs is no secret to the Vietnamese, the American people being asked to support the war should know what is being done in their name. The people of this country know more about our moon exploration missiles than they do about the guavas. Who makes them? What percentage of the bombs dropped do they comprise? Since they have no effect on structures or protected troops what is the justification for their use?

We need answers.

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Declaration of Independence from the War in Vietnam

by Martin Luther King

Illustration by Robert Grossman

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The following is the exclusive and authorized publication of the address given by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., at the Riverside Church, New York City, April 4, 1967, sponsored by Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam. It has been slightly condensed.

OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS, as I have moved to break the betrayal of my own silences and to speak from the burnings of my own heart, as I have called for radical departures from the destruction of Vietnam, many persons have questioned me about the wisdom of my path. At the heart of their concerns this query has often loomed large and loud: Why are *you* speaking about the war, Dr. King? Why are *you* joining the voices of dissent? Peace and civil rights don't mix, they say. Aren't you hurting the cause of your people, they ask. And when I hear them, though I often understand the source of their concern, I am nevertheless greatly saddened, for such questions mean that the inquirers have not really known me, my commitment or my calling. Indeed, their questions suggest that they do not know the world in which they live.

In the light of such tragic misunderstanding, I deem it of signal importance to try to state clearly why I believe that the path from Dexter Avenue Baptist Church—the church in Montgomery, Alabama, where I began my pastorage—leads clearly to this sanctuary tonight.

I come to this platform to make a passionate plea to my beloved nation. This speech is not addressed to Hanoi or to the National Liberation Front. It is not addressed to China or to Russia.

Nor is it an attempt to overlook the ambiguity of the total situation and the need for a collective solution to the tragedy of Vietnam. Neither is it an attempt to make North Vietnam or the National Liberation Front paragons of virtue, nor to overlook the role they can play in a successful resolution of the problem. While they both may have justifiable reasons to be suspicious of the good faith of the United States, life and history give eloquent testimony to the fact that conflicts are never resolved without trustful give and take on both sides.

Tonight, however, I wish not to speak with Hanoi and the NLF, but rather to my fellow Americans who, with me, bear the greatest responsibility in ending a conflict that has exacted a heavy price on both continents.

Since I am a preacher by trade, I suppose it is not surprising that I have seven major reasons for bringing Vietnam into the field of my moral vision. There is at the outset a very obvious and almost facile connection between the war in Vietnam and the struggle I, and others, have been waging in America. A few years ago there was a shining moment in that struggle. It seemed as if there was a real promise of hope for the poor—both black and white—through the Poverty Program. Then came the build-up in Vietnam, and I watched the program broken and eviscerated as if it were some idle political plaything of a society gone mad on war, and I knew that America would never invest the necessary funds or energies in rehabilitation of its poor so long as Vietnam continued to draw men and skills and money like some demonic, destructive suction tube. So I was increasingly compelled to see the war as an enemy of the poor and to attack it as such.

Perhaps the more tragic recognition of reality took place when it became clear to me that the war was doing far more than devastating the hopes of the poor at home. It was sending their sons and their brothers and their husbands to fight and to die in extraordinarily high proportions relative to the rest of the population. We were taking the young black men who had been crippled by our society and sending them 8000 miles away to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they had not found in Southwest Georgia and East Harlem. So we have been repeatedly faced with the cruel irony of watching Negro and white boys on TV screens as they kill and die together for a nation that has been unable to seat them together in the same schools. So we watch them in brutal solidarity burning the huts of a poor village, but we realize that they would never live on the same block in Detroit. I could not be silent in the face of such cruel manipulation of the poor.

My third reason grows out of my experience in the ghettos of the North over the last three years—especially the last three summers. As I have walked among the desperate, rejected and angry young men, I have told them that Molotov cocktails and rifles would not solve their problems. I have tried to offer them my deepest compassion while maintaining my conviction that social change comes most meaningfully through non-violent action. But, they asked, what about Vietnam? They asked if our own nation wasn't using massive doses of violence to solve its problems, to bring about the changes it wanted. Their questions hit home, and I knew that I could never again raise my voice against the violence of the oppressed in the ghettos without having first spoken clearly to the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today—my own government.

For those who ask the question, "Aren't you a Civil Rights leader?" and thereby mean to exclude me from the movement for peace, I have this further answer. In 1957 when a group of us formed the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, we chose as our motto: "To save

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the soul of America." We were convinced that we could not limit our vision to certain rights for black people, but instead affirmed the conviction that America would never be free or saved from itself unless the descendants of its slaves were loosed from the shackles they still wear.

Now, it should be incandescently clear that no one who has any concern for the integrity and life of America today can ignore the present war. If America's soul becomes totally poisoned, part of the autopsy must read "Vietnam." It can never be saved so long as it destroys the deepest hopes of men the world over.

As if the weight of such a commitment to the life and health of America were not enough, another burden of responsibility was placed upon me in 1964; and I cannot forget that the Nobel Prize for Peace was also a commission—a commission to work harder than I had ever worked before for the "brotherhood of man." This is a calling that takes me beyond national allegiances, but even if it were not present I would yet have to live with the meaning of my commitment to the ministry of Jesus Christ. To me the relationship of this ministry to the making of peace is so obvious that I sometimes marvel at those who ask me why I am speaking against the war. Could it be that they do not know that the good news was meant for all men—for communist and capitalist, for their children and ours, for black and white, for revolutionary and conservative? Have they forgotten that my ministry is in obedience to the One who loved His enemies so fully that He died for them? What then can I say to the Viet Cong or to Castro or to Mao as a faithful minister of this One? Can I threaten them with death, or must I not share with them my life?

AND AS I PONDER the madness of Vietnam, my mind goes constantly to the people of that peninsula. I speak now not of the soldiers of each side, not of the junta in Saigon, but simply of the people who have been living under the curse of war for almost three continuous decades. I think of them, too, because it is clear to me that there will be no meaningful solution there until some attempt is made to know them and their broken cries.

They must see Americans as strange liberators. The Vietnamese proclaimed their own independence in 1945 after a combined French and Japanese occupation and before the communist revolution in China. Even though they quoted the American Declaration of Independence in their own document of freedom, we refused to recognize them. Instead, we decided to support France in its re-conquest of her former colony.

Our government felt then that the Vietnamese people were not "ready" for independence, and we again fell victim to the deadly Western arrogance that has poisoned the international atmosphere for so long. With that tragic decision, we rejected a revolutionary government seeking self-determination, and a government that had been established not by China (for whom the Vietnamese have no great love) but by clearly indigenous forces that included some communists. For the peasants, this new government meant real land reform, one of the most important needs in their lives.

For nine years following 1945 we denied the people of Vietnam the right of independence. For nine years we vigorously supported the French in their abortive effort to re-colonize Vietnam.

Before the end of the war we were meeting 80 per cent of the French war costs. Even before the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu, they began to despair of their reckless action, but we did not. We encouraged them with our huge financial and military supplies to continue the war even after they had lost the will to do so.

After the French were defeated it looked as if independence and land reform would come again through the Geneva agreements. But instead there came the United States, determined that Ho should not unify the temporarily divided nation, and the peasants watched again as we supported one of the most vicious modern dictators—our chosen man, Premier Diem. The peasants watched and cringed as Diem ruthlessly routed out all opposition, supported their extortionist landlords and refused even to discuss reunification with the North. The peasants watched as all this was presided over by U.S. influence and then by increasing numbers of U.S. troops who came to help quell the insurgency that Diem's methods had aroused. When Diem was overthrown they may have been happy, but the long line of military dictatorships seemed to offer no real change—especially in terms of their need for land and peace.

The only change came from America as we increased our troop commitments in support of governments which were singularly corrupt, inept and without popular support. All the while, the people read our leaflets and received regular promises of peace and democracy—and land reform. Now they languish under our bombs and consider us—not their fellow Vietnamese—the real enemy. They move sadly and apathetically as we herd them off the land of their fathers into concentration camps where minimal social needs are rarely met. They know they must move or be destroyed by our bombs. So they go.

They watch as we poison their water, as we kill a million acres of their crops. They must weep as the bulldozers destroy their precious trees. They wander into the hospitals, with at least 20 casualties from American firepower for each Viet Cong-inflicted injury. So far we may have

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killed a million of them—mostly children.

What do the peasants think as we ally ourselves with the landlords and as we refuse to put any action into our many words concerning land reform? What do they think as we test out our latest weapons on them, just as the Germans tested out new medicine and new tortures in the concentration camps of Europe?* Where are the roots of the independent Vietnam we claim to be building?

Now there is little left to build on—save bitterness. Soon the only solid physical foundations remaining will be found at our military bases and in the concrete of the concentration camps we call "fortified hamlets." The peasants may well wonder if we plan to build our new Vietnam on such grounds as these. Could we blame them for such thoughts? We must speak for them and raise the questions they cannot raise. These too are our brothers.

Perhaps the more difficult but no less necessary task is to speak for those who have been designated as our enemies. What of the NLF—that strangely anonymous group we call VC or communists? What must they think of us in America when they realize that we permitted the repression and cruelty of Diem which helped to bring them into being as a resistance group in the South? How can they believe in our integrity when now we speak of "aggression from the North" as if there were nothing more essential to the war? How can they trust us when now we charge *them* with violence after the murderous reign of Diem, and charge *them* with violence while we pour new weapons of death into their land?

How do they judge us when our officials know that their membership is less than 25 per cent communist and yet insist on giving them the blanket name? What must they be thinking when they know that we are aware of their control of major sections of Vietnam and yet we appear ready to allow national elections in which this highly organized political parallel government will have no part? They ask how we can speak of free elections when the Saigon press is censored and controlled by the military junta. And they are surely right to wonder what kind of new government we plan to help form without them—the only party in real touch with the peasants. They question our political goals and they deny the reality of a peace settlement from which they will be excluded. Their questions are frighteningly relevant.

Here is the true meaning and value of compassion and non-violence—when it helps us to see the enemy's point of view, to hear his questions, to know his assessment of ourselves. For from his view we may indeed see the basic weaknesses of our own condition, and if we are mature, we may learn and grow and profit from the wisdom of the brothers who are called the opposition.

SO, TOO, WITH HANOI. In the North, where our bombs now pummel the land, and our mines endanger the waterways, we are met by a deep but understandable mistrust. In Hanoi are the men who led the nation to independence against the Japanese and the French, the men who sought membership in the French commonwealth and were betrayed by the weakness of Paris and the willfulness of the colonial armies. It was they who led a second struggle against French domination at tremendous costs, and then were persuaded at Geneva to give up, as a temporary measure, the land they controlled between the 13th and 17th parallels. After 1954 they watched us conspire with Diem to prevent elections which would have surely brought Ho Chi Minh to power over a united Vietnam, and they realized they had been betrayed again.

When we ask why they do not leap to negotiate, these things must be remembered. Also, it must be clear that the leaders of Hanoi considered the presence of American troops in support of the Diem regime to have been the initial military breach of the Geneva Agreements concerning foreign troops, and they remind us that they did not begin to send in any large number of supplies or men until American forces had moved into the tens of thousands.

Hanoi remembers how our leaders refused to tell us the truth about the earlier North Vietnamese overtures for peace, how the President claimed that none existed when they had clearly been made. Ho Chi Minh has watched as America has spoken of peace and built up its forces, and now he has surely heard the increasing international rumors of American plans for an invasion of the North. Perhaps only his sense of humor and irony can save him when he hears the most powerful nation of the world speaking of aggression as it drops thousands of bombs on a poor, weak nation more than 8000 miles from its shores.

At this point, I should make it clear that while I have tried here to give a voice to the voiceless of Vietnam and to understand the arguments of those who are called enemy, I am as deeply concerned about our own troops there as anything else. For it occurs to me that what we are submitting them to in Vietnam is not simply the brutalizing process that goes on in any war where armies face each other and seek to destroy. We are adding cynicism to the process of death, for our troops must know after a short period there that none of the things we claim to be fighting for are really involved. Before long they must

*The press and some critics have quoted this sentence out of context. I had no intention of equating the U.S. and Nazi Germany. Indeed, recognition of American democratic traditions and the absence of them in Nazi Germany, makes it all the more disturbing if even some elements of similarity of conduct appear.

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know that their government has sent them into a struggle among Vietnamese, and the more sophisticated surely realize that we are on the side of the wealthy and the secure while we create a hell for the poor.

Somehow this madness must cease. I speak as a child of God and brother to the suffering poor of Vietnam and the poor of America who are paying the double price of smashed hopes at home and death and corruption in Vietnam. I speak as a citizen of the world, for the world as it stands aghast at the path we have taken. I speak as an American to the leaders of my own nation. The great initiative in this war is ours. The initiative to stop must be ours.

This is the message of the great Buddhist leaders of Vietnam. Recently, one of them wrote these words: "Each day the war goes on the hatred increases in the hearts of the Vietnamese and in the hearts of those of humanitarian instinct. The Americans are forcing even their friends into becoming their enemies. It is curious that the Americans, who calculate so carefully on the possibilities of military victory, do not realize that in the process they are incurring deep psychological and political defeat. The image of America will never again be the image of revolution, freedom and democracy, but the image of violence and militarism."

If we continue, there will be no doubt in my mind and in the mind of the world that we have no honorable intentions in Vietnam. It will become clear that our minimal expectation is to occupy it as an American colony, and men will not refrain from thinking that our maximum hope is to goad China into a war so that we may bomb her nuclear installations.

The world now demands a maturity of America that we may not be able to achieve. It demands that we admit that we have been wrong from the beginning of our adventure in Vietnam, that we have been detrimental to the life of her people.

In order to atone for our sins and errors in Vietnam, we should take the initiative in bringing the war to a halt. I would like to suggest five concrete things that our government should do immediately to begin the long and difficult process of extricating ourselves from this nightmare:

1. End all bombing in North and South Vietnam.
2. Declare a unilateral cease-fire in the hope that such action will create the atmosphere for negotiation.
3. Take immediate steps to prevent other battlegrounds in Southeast Asia by curtailing our military build-up in Thailand and our interference in Laos.
4. Realistically accept the fact that the National Liberation Front has substantial support in South Vietnam and must thereby play a role in any meaningful negotiations and in any future Vietnam government.
5. Set a date on which we will remove all foreign troops from Vietnam in accordance with the 1954 Geneva Agreement.

Part of our ongoing commitment might well express itself in an offer to grant asylum to any Vietnamese who fears for his life under a new regime which included the NLF. Then we must make what reparations we can for the damage we have done. We must provide the medical aid that is badly needed, in this country if necessary.

Meanwhile, we in the churches and synagogues have a continuing task while we urge our government to disengage itself from a disgraceful commitment. We must be prepared to match actions with words by seeking out every creative means of protest possible.

As we counsel young men concerning military service we must clarify for them our nation's role in Vietnam and challenge them with the alternative of conscientious objection. I am pleased to say that this is the path now being chosen by more than 70 students at my own Alma Mater, Morehouse College, and I recommend it to all who find the American course in Vietnam a dishonorable and unjust one. Moreover, I would encourage all ministers of draft age to give up their ministerial exemptions and seek status as conscientious objectors. Every man of humane convictions must decide on the protest that best suits his convictions, but we must *all* protest.

THERE IS SOMETHING seductively tempting about stopping there and sending us all off on what in some circles has become a popular crusade against the war in Vietnam. I say we must enter that struggle, but I wish to go on now to say something even more disturbing. The war in Vietnam is but a symptom of a far deeper malady within the American spirit, and if we ignore this sobering reality we will find ourselves organizing clergy- and laymen-concerned committees for the next generation. We will be marching and attending rallies without end unless there is a significant and profound change in American life and policy.

In 1957 a sensitive American official overseas said that it seemed to him that our nation was on the wrong side of a world revolution. During the past ten years we have seen emerge a pattern of suppression which now has justified the presence of U.S. military "advisors" in Venezuela. The need to maintain social stability for our investments accounts for the counterrevolutionary action of American forces in Guatemala. It tells why American helicopters are being used against guerrillas in Colombia and why American napalm and green beret forces have already been active against rebels in Peru. With such activity in mind, the words of John F. Kennedy come back to haunt us. Five years ago he said, "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable."

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Increasingly, by choice or by accident, this is the role our nation has taken—by refusing to give up the privileges and the pleasures that come from the immense profits of overseas investment.

I am convinced that if we are to get on the right side of the world revolution, we as a nation must undergo a radical revolution of values. When machines and computers, profit and property rights are considered more important than people, the giant triplets of racism, materialism, and militarism are incapable of being conquered.

A true revolution of values will soon cause us to question the fairness and justice of many of our past and present policies. True compassion is more than flinging a coin to a beggar; it is not haphazard and superficial. It comes to see that an edifice which produces beggars needs re-structuring. A true revolution of values will soon look easily on the glaring contrast of poverty and wealth. With righteous indignation, it will look across the seas and see individual capitalists of the West investing huge sums of money in Asia, Africa and South America, only to take the profits out with no concern for the social betterment of the countries, and say: "This is not just." It will look at our alliance with the landed gentry of Latin America and say: "This is not just." The Western arrogance of feeling that it has everything to teach others and nothing to learn from them is not just. A true revolution of values will lay hands on the world order and say of war: "This way of settling differences is not just." This business of burning human beings with napalm, of filling our nation's homes with orphans and widows, of injecting poisonous drugs of hate into the veins of peoples normally humane, of sending men home from dark and bloody battlefields physically handicapped and psychologically deranged, cannot be reconciled with wisdom, justice, and love. A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.

America, the richest and most powerful nation in the world, can well lead the way in this revolution of values. There is nothing, except a tragic death wish, to prevent us from re-ordering our priorities, so that the pursuit of peace will take precedence over the pursuit of war. There is nothing to keep us from molding a recalcitrant status quo until we have fashioned it into a brotherhood.

This kind of positive revolution of values is our best defense against communism. War is not the answer. Communism will never be defeated by the use of atomic bombs or nuclear weapons. Let us not join those who shout war and through their misguided passions urge the United States to relinquish its participation in the United Nations. These are days which demand wise restraint and calm reasonableness. We must not call everyone a communist or an appeaser who advocates the seating of Red China in the United Nations and who recognizes that hate and hysteria are not the final answers to the problem of these turbulent days. We must not engage in a negative anti-communism, but rather in a positive thrust for democracy, realizing that our greatest defense against communism is to take offensive action in behalf of justice. We must with positive action seek to remove those conditions of poverty, insecurity and injustice which are the fertile soil in which the seed of communism grows and develops.

THESE ARE REVOLUTIONARY times. All over the globe men are revolting against old systems of exploitation and oppression, and out of the wombs of a frail world, new systems of justice and equality are being born. The shirtless and barefoot people of the land are rising up as never before. "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." We in the West must support these revolutions. It is a sad fact that, because of comfort, complacency, a morbid fear of communism, and our proneness to adjust to injustice, the Western nations that initiated so much of the revolutionary spirit of the modern world have now become the arch anti-revolutionaries. This has driven many to feel that only Marxism has the revolutionary spirit. Therefore, communism is a judgment against our failure to make democracy real and follow through on the revolutions that we initiated. Our only hope today lies in our ability to recapture the revolutionary spirit and go out into a sometimes hostile world declaring eternal hostility to poverty, racism, and militarism.

We must move past indecision to action. We must find new ways to speak for peace in Vietnam and justice throughout the developing world—a world that borders on our doors. If we do not act we shall surely be dragged down the long, dark and shameful corridors of time reserved for those who possess power without compassion, might without morality, and strength without sight.

Now let us begin. Now let us re-dedicate ourselves to the long and bitter—but beautiful—struggle for a new world. This is the calling of the sons of God, and our brothers wait eagerly for our response. Shall we say the odds are too great? Shall we tell them the struggle is too hard? Will our message be that the forces of American life militate against their arrival as full men, and we send our deepest regrets? Or will there be another message, of longing, of hope, of solidarity with their yearnings, of commitment to their cause, whatever the cost? The choice is ours, and though we might prefer it otherwise we *must* choose in this crucial moment of human history.

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Midnight Moscow Airport
sucks me in from Siberia
And blows me out alone
in a black bus
down dark straight night roads
stark snow plains
eternal taiga
into monster Moscow
stands of white birches
ghosted in the gloaming
Where of a sudden
Segovia bursts thru
over the airwaves
They've let him in
to drive the dark bus
Segovia's hands
grasp the steering wheel
Yokels in housing projects
drop their balalaikas & birch banjos
Segovia comes on
like the pulse of life itself
Segovia comes on thru the snowdrifts
and plains of La Mancha
fields & fields & fields
of frozen music
melted on bus radios

Segovia at the instrument
driving thru the night land
of Antiquera
Granada
Seville
Tracery of the Alhambra
in a billion white birches
born in the snow
trills of blackbirds in them
Segovia warms his hands
and melts Moscow
moves his hand
with a circular motion
over an ivory bridge
to gutted Stalingrads
Segovia knows no answer
He's no Goya & he's no Picasso
but also
he's no Sleeping Gypsy With Guitar
Guarded by a Lion

and who knows if he slept
with Franco
He knows black condors fly
He knows a free world when he hears one
His strums are runs upon it
He does not fret
He plucks his guts
He fucks hate & makes love
and listens to himself as he plays
and speaks to himself
and echoes himself
And he keeps driving & driving
his instrument
down the wide dark ways
into great Moscow
down the black boulevards
past Kremlin lit & locked
in its hard dream
in the great Russian night
past Bolshoi Ballet & Gorky Institute
John Reed at the Drama Theatre
Stalyagi & heroin at Taganka
Stone Mayakovsky stares
thru a blizzard of white notes
in Russian winter light

MOSCOW IN THE WILDERNES

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

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Segovia hears his stoned cry
and he hears the pulse in the blood
as he listens to life as he plays
and he keeps coming & coming
thru the Russian winter night
He's in Moscow but doesn't know it
He played somewhere else
and it comes out here
in a thaw on an airwave
over Gogol's Dark People
stark figures
in the white night streets
clotted in the snow
He listens to them as he goes along
He listens for a free song
such as he hardly hears
back home
Is Lenin listening
after fifty Octobers
Segovia walks thru the snow
listening as he goes
down Vorovsky Street
to the Writers Union
He meets the old hairs that run it
They dig him
& they know what it means to dig
in mahogany cities
Segovia teaches them open-tuning
with which they can play anything
freely & simply
This is not his Master Class
He leaves them humming & goes on
Segovia plays in the loose snow
and digs a bit alone
under the free surface
with his pick

He strikes softly as he listens
He hears a dull thud
where something is buried
a familiar thud
such as he sometimes hears
back home
He drops his pick & goes on
down Vorovsky Street
His music has a longing sound
He yearns & yet does not yearn
He exists & is tranquil
in spite of all
He has no message
He is his own message
his own ideal sound
And he sounds so lonely to himself
as he goes on playing
in the iron-white streets
And he is saying: I say all I know
& I know no meaning
He is saying
This is the song of evening
when the sphinx lies down
This is the song of the day
that begins & begins
The night lifts
its white night-stick
The ash of life
dries my song
If you only knew
He is saying
My love my love
where are you
Under the pomegranate tree
He is saying
Where is joy where is ecstasy
Stretched out in the snow
where only the birds are at home
He is saying
There's a huge emptiness here
that stares from all the faces
All that is lost must be
looked for once more
He is saying
Far from me far from me

You are the hour & the generation
they marked for result
He is saying
I am your ruin
unique & immortal
I am your happiness unknown
I am light
where you are dark
where you are heavy
He is saying
I am an old man
and life flowers
in the windows of the sun
But where is the sun the sun
Soleares . . .
On the steps of a jail
that looks like a church
he finds a white bird
What is important in life? says the bird
Segovia says Nada but keeps on playing
Soleares
Soleares
Soleares
And he cries out now
when he sees a strange woman
or sees a strange thing
And he hears many strange women
& many strange things
after fifty Octobers
& fifty strange springs
And Segovia follows them
down their streets
and into their houses
and into their rooms
and into the night of their beds
And waits for them to make love
And waits for them to speak
And waits & waits for them to speak
And he cries out now
when he hears them speak
at last in their last retreat
No he doesn't cry out
He never cries out
He is taciturn & never sings
Only his instrument speaks & sings
But when it does sing
when it does cry out
at what it hears
an ancient armadillo
asleep for centuries
in the cellar of the Kremlin
raises its horny head
opens its square third eye
and looks around blinking
and then at last
opens its great gut mouth
and utters
ecstatic static

EGOVIA IN THE SNOW

Moscow-San Francisco
March 1967

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[Part II]

America The Raped

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *For those of you who weren't around last month, the thesis of this essay is that America is being subjected to an irreversible rapine by the Engineers—the people whose only approach to any question is to build something, manage something, change something. The principal failure of the kind of mentality represented by the Engineers, it was suggested in Part I, is that they don't understand the concept of ecology; and* our *principal failure in dealing with them is that we don't understand very much ecology either. We took several thousand words to explain that ecology is about how things fit together, and we toured the Everglades, the Great Cascades and a few other places to make clear what we meant and to describe various horrors perpetrated or planned by the rapacious Engineers. Pick it up from there.*

[VII: THE MASSIVE FUND-RAISERS]

IF THERE IS A GOD of the Engineers, then his idea of Chartres is probably a dam in the Grand Canyon.

The whole idea of damming this world-famous gorge, and drowning beneath a needless reservoir 600 feet of the earth's history, dating back to before the beginning of even the simplest forms of life, so boggles the mind of anyone who is not an Engineer that it is impossible to write about it with even a momentary pretense of dispassion. To read the debates in newspapers and magazines, in pamphlets and in the Congressional Record, and to find grown and otherwise responsible men discussing such a project as though they were talking about a footbridge across the upper reaches of Wildcat Creek, is to realize the cosmic reach of Herbert Muller's remark that no animal is so stupid as a human fool.

When, after only a few minutes' concentrated study, a reporter realizes that the Engineers want to build these hydroelectric dams not because anybody needs the water nor because anybody needs the power, the idea of writing about it seems as impossible as satirizing the war in Vietnam.

Most Americans believe that the Grand Canyon is a national park, and is somehow "protected." Except for a short stretch, it is not. There is a small Grand Canyon National Park, and below it a somewhat larger Grand Canyon National Monument (a designation that doesn't carry the protections that national park status carries), and the rest is just river. By any reasonable definition, however, the Grand Canyon stretches from Glen Canyon Dam, on the Arizona-Utah border, to the top of Lake Mead, which is the body of water backed up behind Hoover Dam on the Arizona-Nevada border.

The Engineers want to put one of their absolutely unnecessary dams in Marble Gorge, and back water up 55 miles to the foot of Glen Canyon Dam. The reservoir in the gorge would be more than 300 feet deep. The other dam would be at Bridge Canyon, near the Hualapai Indian Reservation, and would back its reservoir entirely through the Grand Canyon National Monument and 13 miles into the Grand Canyon National Park. The water would be over 600 feet deep in spots. The Engineers don't like to talk about it, but that reservoir would also affect the level of the channel upstream, causing immediate silt deposits for another 15 miles or so above the head of the reservoir; so they'd be messing up the Grand Canyon through the entire monument and for 30 miles into the park.

The dams are intended to generate "peaking" power, which is to say that the water will be released as the demand for power dictates. This means, of course, that the river level behind the dams will rise and fall every day—probably as much as 15 feet. You may still want to go boating on a river that may rise or fall 15 feet a day, but you may be certain that it isn't going to do much for the ecology of either the river or its banks.

by Gene Marine

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What's the point of these dams? Well, Engineers and politicians keep muttering vague phrases so that the citizens of the Southwest will think they have something to do with bringing water to the area, or with completing the Central Arizona Project, or with providing much-needed electric power. But when you pin them down in Congressional committees or places in which somebody knows something about the facts, it turns out that at the moment, or in the immediate future, nobody needs the power; and Arizona isn't going to get any of the water.

In fact, water will be lost, at the rate of hundreds of thousands of acre-feet per year, through evaporation and percolation; and, because the impurities in the water don't evaporate away, the water that's left will be that much cruddier.

So if it's water the Southwest is interested in, they're going about it rather foolishly. But nobody pretends it's the water, if you pin them down. They say it's the power, and that the whole point of building the dams is economic. The idea, we're told, is that the dams will generate power, which will then be sold. The money from selling the power will then be used to help finance the Central Arizona Project, which has nothing to do with the Grand Canyon.

In other words, these two atrocities are simply massive fund-raisers.

There is in California a considerably less impressive, though quite pretty, river, called the Santa Ynez, which has provided water for the city of Santa Barbara. To create a reservoir, Santa Barbara built a dam.

Alas, Santa Barbara found that the reservoir quickly built up silt behind the dam, until it faced the imminent possibility of a flat plain of silt over which the river would flow to turn the dam into a waterfall. So Santa Barbara built another dam. Same problem. Now a third dam has been built. If we are spared death by nuclear war or by the depredations of Engineers, some future explorer will locate a strange river flowing to the sea in California, over an odd series of flat alluvial plains, one above the other. Eventually, they will probably grow vegetation, but they will never be as pretty as the original river bed.

A series of flat alluvial plains where the deepest gorges of the Grand Canyon used to be hardly seems worth a billion and a half dollars. That's a low figure for what the dams will cost. It is also, if anybody cares, slightly more than the cost estimate for the waterworks of the entire Arizona Project itself.

But a series of flat alluvial plains where the deepest gorges of the Grand Canyon used to be is exactly what we will get if these dams are built. Providing that silt retention dams are built, as suggested, on the Paria and Little Colorado Rivers, and providing that there are no abnormal floods (which would speed things up), it should take a little over 100 years for the four new dams to silt up. Your grandchildren will be able to see the alluvial plains where your children can now see the archeozoic age exposed to view. Glen Canyon Dam will probably take longer—about 200 years.

The Engineers are not doing this, as we noted, to bring any water to anybody. The Central Arizona Project will bring water to central Arizona, but it will come from Lake Havasu, behind Parker Dam, which is hundreds of miles below the Grand Canyon and which already exists. They say they're doing it to sell the power, to pay for the CAP.

But the man in charge of all these Engineers, Commissioner of Reclamation Floyd Dominy, testified before Congress that if the CAP were built *without either dam*, the project would still pay for itself and, at the end of its 50-year "payout period," would have a surplus of $100 million. Other witnesses said the surplus might be as much as $800 million. No witnesses said the project would lose money, even if the dams weren't built. So even as massive fund-raisers, the dams aren't "necessary."

What hurts—aside from the pain that comes with contemplating the whole idea—is that if the secretary of the Interior okays this nonsense (he has to, if they're going to back water into the park), he's going to be in clear violation of the law that created the park in the first place. That law says:

> . . . that whenever consistent with the primary purposes of said park, the secretary of the Interior is authorized to permit the utilization of areas therein which may be necessary for the development and maintenance of a Government reclamation project.

But first of all, a "reclamation project" isn't whatever the Engineers of the Bureau of Reclamation want to create. Neither of these dams is a reclamation project by any stretch of the meaning of the word. And anyway, the dams aren't "consistent with the primary purposes" of the park. That phrase had been written into the law because a previous secretary of the Interior insisted on it, just to keep this sort of atrocity from taking place. The "primary purposes" of the park, set out in the law, are:

> . . . to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means *as will leave them unimpaired* for the enjoyment of future generations [my emphasis].

The original bill authorizing both dams may now be modified to authorize only one, but its other provisions are likely to be the same, and, while technical in language they're clear in intent. First of all, the Colorado Basin states are required by law to share the Colorado's water with Mexico. The legislation would relieve those states of

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that burden, and shift it to the whole nation—so that if compensation had to be paid, for instance, we'd all have to pay it.

Secondly, the bill contains other technical provisions, intended to set the stage for a massive transfer of water from the Columbia to the Colorado. In simple terms, the land promoters, the real estate operators, the bankers and the savings and loan magnates of the Southwest are setting themselves up to get rich at the ultimate expense of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. Like most, if not all, "conservation" arguments, this one comes down to who gets rich.

In Florida's Everglades, I was taken across an expanse of the astonishing sawgrass in an airboat—a curious flat-bottomed craft with an airplane engine and propellor mounted on the back, the only way (except for a half-track) that you can travel at will over that sea of grass. Miles from the nearest structure, we stopped to look around at the wondrous aquatic system, the sawgrass stretching for miles in every direction, interrupted only occasionally by the higher hammocks with their dry land and tree and shrub growth. It looks as if you could plow it—until you look down, over the side of the boat, or drop your arm over to find your hand in water.

Just south of Lake Okeechobee, however, there is no more water. The Engineers, in their fantastic remaking of Florida, have completely drained a large portion of Hendry and Palm Beach Counties, "reclaiming" it for agriculture. To the south and west, Collier County eagerly awaits similar development. To the south and east, Aerojet General waits to make just that much more money on the cheap barge transport that canal C-111 will provide.

But in the meantime, as described in Part I, the Engineers have so distorted the normal water patterns in southern Florida that the level of salinity in the southern part of Everglades National Park, and particularly in Florida Bay, is certain to change, possibly to the "brine basin" that Park Superintendent Roger Allin described to us. And we have already noted that such changes in salinity are lethal to the eggs and the young of most aquatic species.

Researchers at the Marine Institute in Miami are busily tracing the life pattern of the Tortugas shrimp, and they have it pretty well figured out by now. Mostly floating on existing currents, the enormous schools of shrimp travel in a great oval, spawning and growing to maturity in the Florida Bay area, then circling generally southwestward to the Tortugas, then circling back into the estuarine waters to begin the cycle over again.

The Tortugas shrimp industry is worth $3 million a year to Florida. Again, the engineers are making some people rich at the expense of others. The agriculturalists to the north of the park, and developers like the Gulf American Land Corporation, will profit mightily from the Engineers' meddling; the vitally important shrimp industry may very well go broke.

And yet the shrimp fishermen do not complain, do not go as an organized bloc to Congress to demand that the Engineers' foolishness be stopped. Nor do the businessmen and politicians of the Miami area—which lives on tourism—seem to understand what the Engineers are doing to their future livelihood.

The Department of Commerce estimates, for instance, that if a community is visited throughout the year by a couple of dozen visitors a day, the value to that community is as great as would be an industrial payroll of $100,000. The Everglades National Park alone was visited in 1965 by more than a million people—an average of about 2700 per day. The park is worth $11 million a year to southern Florida at that rate, and the annual increase in the number of visitors runs at about 11 per cent. This is aside from the park's payroll—80 permanent staff members and 20 seasonal employees—and the payroll of 125 people employed by concessionaires. Nor does it include the 164 man-years of contractual labor hired by the park.

Part I of this report dealt in part with pollution, which —gnawing at metals and stone and fabrics, ruining crops, killing wildlife—costs the nation at least $11 billion a year, not counting any effect of pollution on real estate values. Edmund Faltermayer wrote in Fortune that "an expenditure of less than one-half of one per cent of the gross national product—probably about $3 billion a year —would reduce air pollution by at least two-thirds. By drastically reducing that $11 billion a year of property damage, the expenditure would easily pay for itself."

But pay *whom*? Nobody would get rich, and nobody seriously considers the expenditure. Instead, thousands of dollars are spent in debating—as though it were a possibility to be considered by rational men—whether we will spend a billion and a half dollars or more to fill in the Grand Canyon. There is indeed no animal so stupid as a human fool.

[VIII: THE RUBBER JETPORT]

ON WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN an unfriendly winter day, I was shown the Great Swamp of New Jersey by a woman who loves it: Mrs. James Hand of Green Village, a research chemist's wife who, like her husband, is an active member of the North Jersey Conservation Foundation. Blue-eyed, gray-haired and fiftyish, Mrs. Hand donned no-nonsense trousers and sturdy boots for the tour and eyed suspiciously—though she politely did not mention—my polished city shoes.

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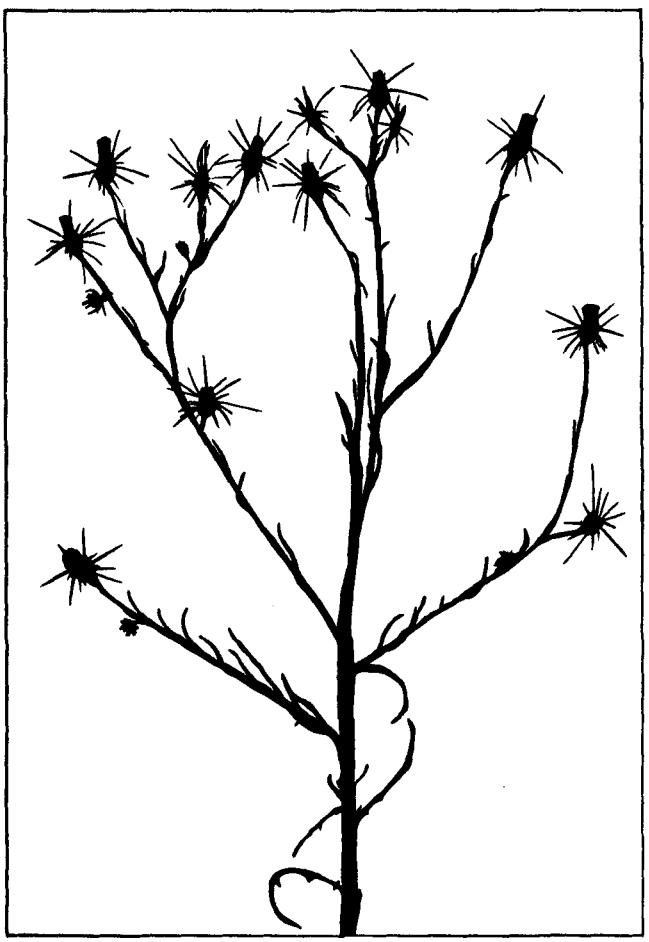
"It's too bad that it's called a swamp," she said as we walked around a nature trail at the area's eastern end. "It's such an unfriendly word. Actually there are forests—different kinds with different trees of different ages—and brooks, and springs. There's some open land, and there's a cattail marsh—that's where the waterfowl live. It's been dry this year, and there's woody brush in with the cattails, but it will be cleaned out. Normally it would burn out, but there are too many homes near the swamp, and too many animals in it. Part of it, of course, is real flooded bog.

"There are oaks in the swamp that two people can't put their arms around," Mrs. Hand said. "Of course they're well back in the wood, away from the trail. And not very long ago we found one of the largest beech trees ever discovered. It must be very old." She stopped to listen to a sound. "Titmouse. First one I've heard this year." Expertly, she duplicated the bird's call.

Before the day had ended, we had by car and on foot moved from one to another of the constantly varying environments of the Great Swamp—a shallow, bowl-shaped depression seven miles long and three miles wide. Mrs. Hand pointed out an even row of blueberry vines—"It's an old fence line," she said—and, standing on a boardwalk laid over a bog, explained the ecological importance of the swamp to the surrounding area.



Linocuts by Henry Evans

"It's a natural water retention basin," she pointed out, "and by holding water and allowing it to rise and fall naturally, it's a natural flood control device. The two brooks that drain it flow into the Passaic River. Do you know that the Army Engineers have a plan for draining it?"

I said that I didn't doubt it.

"Some of the swamp areas in the surrounding area have been filled in," she went on. "People found out that not only did the wildlife disappear, but the water tables dropped, and floods became far more frequent. We were terrified that the swamp would be filled in a few years ago."

The "we" she was talking about referred to a group of individuals, most of them from the immediate vicinity, who became alarmed in the late 1950's at the growing development of the area and at the almost certain fate of the Great Swamp: the spread of the filling and residential development that was already nibbling away at the edges of its 8000 acres. The group became the Great Swamp Committee of the North American Wildlife Foundation, and began to investigate the purchase of the swamp area.

In 1959, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey decided that the Great Swamp would be an ideal place for a fourth New York airport, and in 1961 the Authority issued a report recommending that the swamp be acquired for that purpose. The jetport threat proved to be the spur that the committee needed. They contacted the secretary of the Interior, advised him that the Great Swamp is a resting place for migratory waterfowl on the Atlantic Flyway, acquainted him with its 140 species of birds and its populations of deer, grouse, raccoons, opossum, squirrels, foxes, weasels, otter and mink, and persuaded him to accept a portion of it—if they could raise the money to buy it—as a National Wildlife Refuge.

In May of 1964, Secretary Udall was present for the formal dedication. The Great Swamp Committee proudly turned over 2700 acres—for the purchase of which they had raised more than a million dollars from 6100 individuals and 462 industries, organizations and foundations, located in 286 towns and 29 states. The secretary promptly directed the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife to acquire another 3264 acres; the acquisition is still going on.

After Mrs. Hand taught me to distinguish among the four varieties of club moss that can be found at one spot, and confessed that she has a special affection for the red mape, which in spring carpets the floor of its forest home with its brilliant flowers, I left her and drove across the swamp, on one of the two roads which have been built through it, to talk with Refuge Director Tom McAndrew at the headquarters in Meyersville.

"This is the only extensive swamp and forest habitat left in this area," McAndrew told me. "It has an amazing variety of ecosystems. You can walk from a climax hard-

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wood forest to a completely aquatic environment, and you can see all the stages of ecological succession. It's an 8000-acre laboratory for ecologists. But it's more than that.

"All the school children around here use it for nature study. They're very fortunate—they can grow up seeing a large part of the land as it is naturally. If we can keep it like this, at least some people won't feel that push to get away to the Adirondacks or the Great Smokies all the time."

The population density of New Jersey is 833 persons per square mile. I thought of the bumper-to-bumper traffic on U.S. 441 in the Great Smokies, the jammed-together campers in Yosemite, and the Wilderness Society's Stewart Brandborg insisting in his Washington office that the answer to the growing outdoor recreation problem is more, smaller recreation areas, in locations nearer the population centers.

And I thought of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which in December of 1966 issued another "comprehensive" report on its search for a site for a fourth New York area jetport. After discussing 22 possible sites, the Authority came back, as it had in 1961 and again in 1963, 1964 and 1965, to the Great Swamp. "The engineering and physical facts," the report said, "and the fundamental economic interest of all the people of this great and growing metropolitan area, preclude any other recommendation."

The Port Authority's report, however, can only have been written by Engineers, for only Engineers can make a jetport out of rubber.

Referring to its 1961 report, the Authority says that at that time, "the airport was estimated to require an aggregate of 10,000 acres of land for all purposes. Studies made since 1961 substantiate the prototype airport plan described above."

Elsewhere in the report, the Authority's Engineers deal with public concern about the wildlife refuge by pointing out that the Jamaica Bay Bird Sanctuary is only 3000 feet from the boundary of Kennedy Airport ("and a damned poor refuge it is, too," Refuge Director McAndrew told me irreverently). "It would appear," the Engineers go on, "that much of the land on or near an airport on the Great Swamp site could continue to serve as a wildlife preserve."

The entire Great Swamp, including the private holdings and Somerset County's Passaic River Park at the western end, consists of 8000 acres. Somewhere on these 8000 acres, the Engineers of the Port Authority claim to be able to build a 10,000-acre jetport and leave room for a wildlife refuge which today takes up nearly 6000 acres. Obviously, the plan calls not only for a rubber jetport but for an elastic swamp.

Of course there has to be a new jetport; the Authority's Engineers make that clear. "Air passenger demand" in the New Jersey-New York area in 1965 is given as 25.8 million air travelers, which, the report says, will go up to 53.5 million in 1975 and 65 million in 1980. The report adds a lot of scare words about airplanes crashing into each other (which has happened twice in the past seven years in the New York area), and lengthy descriptions of Kennedy's two "Black Fridays" in 1963 and 1965, when delays of up to four hours were experienced. A delay in an airport is not particularly unusual, much less is it the end of the world, but you wouldn't know that from reading the report.

Senator Jacob Javits says that the fourth jetport may be needed to avert "economic disaster." Oscar Bakke, who directs its eastern region for the FAA, menacingly waved the headsman's axe right after the Authority issued its report:

> In the likelihood of further deterioration of international air service at Kennedy, because of traffic congestion, it has become necessary for the FAA to consider whether the public interest requires the designation of a port of entry and the development of required international service facilities for customs, immigration, public health, agriculture and the like at some other strategic location in the northeast.

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Shortly after visiting the Great Swamp, I was in the 42nd Street office of attorney David Sive, who is representing the Sierra Club in another case; after discussing that other case, we fell to talking about the airport, and after a moment Sive leaned forward with a soft smile.

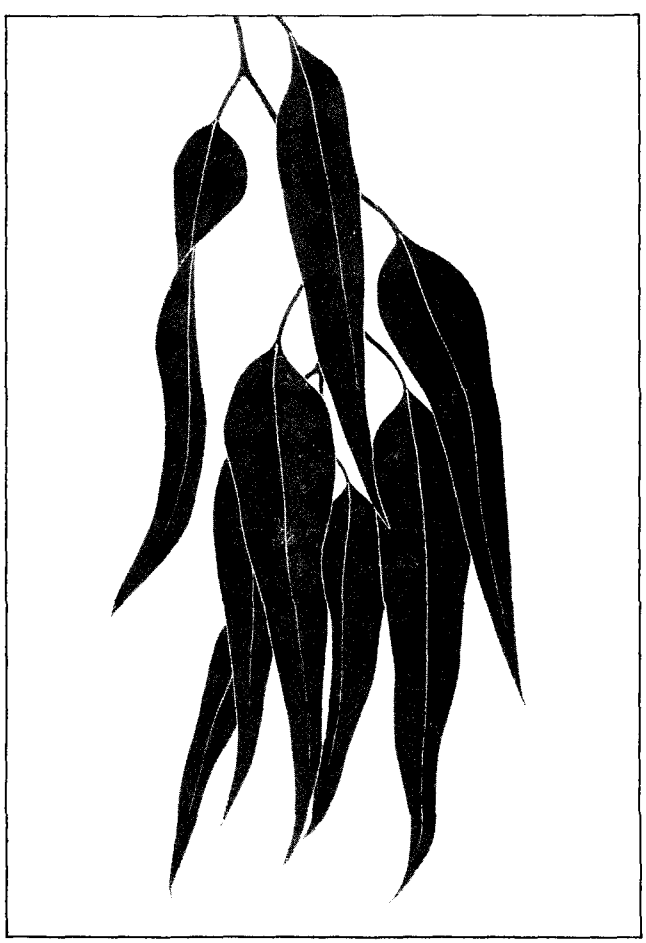
"Did you ever think," he asked me curiously, "that you might be asking the wrong questions? I mean—suppose we simply didn't build the airport?"

The question was so simple that it was minutes before I took it in. Ridiculous, of course. But . . .

Sive wrote, for the Sierra Club, a lengthy report on the proposed power plant at Storm King and the resulting court action; he quoted the Circuit Court of Appeals decision by Judge Hays (described in Part I), threw in a scrap of Thoreau, and then added: "Both Thoreau and Paul R. Hays hold that, beyond these necessities and, shall we say, necessary comforts, we must make a choice, and that perhaps the choice should at least sometimes be to elevate, rather than fatten, mankind."

"Suppose we simply didn't build the airport?" Does any resident of New York or its surrounding area really want more people, more crowding, more conversion of land to buildings? Does New York *need* to double the number of people who fly in or out?

Based in San Francisco, I can choose from more than a dozen non-stop flights to New York every day, most of them with at least some empty seats. Within limits, I can as easily take one flight as another, go on Wednesday instead of Tuesday, even fly to Washington and shuttle to New York, without the demands of my work being seriously affected; and this is certainly true of many, probably most, air travelers.



If a fourth jetport is not built, perhaps some factories will move. Some are moving anyway; Revlon, the cosmetic firm which operates three plants in New Jersey, has just opened its fourth—in Arizona. There will be fewer jobs. But in the long run, the people will go where the jobs are anyway. Certainly some human families will suffer; but human families will suffer far more if we go ahead and build all the jetports and the canals and the freeways, and fill in the swamps and dam the canyons.

Some international travelers will have to leave from, or arrive in, Boston or Baltimore or somewhere else. But why not Boston or Baltimore? Why not Richmond, Virginia, or Charleston, South Carolina? If I were to fly from San Francisco to Paris, it would hardly matter whether I stopped to change planes at New York or Brunswick, Georgia. A German scientist on his way to an international conference in Chicago or Los Angeles could as easily enter the country at Portland, Maine. Obviously, we have to duplicate the immigration and other facilities in any case.

There are, of course, tomorrow's bigger jets. They will carry more people into the same airports—they may need longer runways, but they don't need new airports. And even if they did, why not carry the argument further? Do we *need* bigger jets?

The problem is not just the jetport; there is, for example, California's massive water plan, which in its final form will alter the distribution of water from virtually every river in the state. There are a lot of local, political reasons for opposing it, but aside from those—suppose Los Angeles simply doesn't get any more water?

The Engineers immediately answer, in panic or derision, with projections of population growth; we *must* have the water, because we will have the people. But if there is no fourth jetport, New York will not have 65 million air travelers in 1980. And if there is no California Water Plan, and water shortage becomes a serious problem, then the people will not go to Los Angeles, and some of the people who are there will leave.

Is that bad?

For a few whose profit is based on the population growth, yes, of course. But for the rest of us, and for the nation as a whole, what is lost? The economy will decline, the businessmen reply, and all the citizens will suffer; but for many citizens a further decline in the economy is an

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ungraspable abstraction, and the rest of us will suffer at worst only a temporary dislocation as the population adjusts to the situation. We could even spend on relocation some of the money we save otherwise.

Not build a fourth jetport? Not construct the California Water Plan? The whole idea is incredibly reactionary (it is, in fact, a thought for California's simplistic Governor Reagan, if he really wants to save money as much as he says he does). You would think nobody would ever take the whole approach seriously.

But people do. State Senator Nicholas Petris of California has introduced an anti-pollution bill that would make it illegal to own two cars (if powered by internal combustion engines) after a given year; he did it, he says, as a compromise to a proposal by the state director of public health that internal-combustion-powered automobiles be banned completely from the state by 1980.

The city of Fresno, also in California, has rebuilt its downtown area so that automobiles cannot enter, albeit for the wrong reasons: the plan encourages cars to come to the perimeter, city planner Victor Gruen being more concerned with traffic flow than with pollution. The rather larger city of New York has increasingly made it more and more difficult for automobiles to operate in central Manhattan, to the point at which today, you can't park there at all. It's the same idea, except that Fresno and Manhattan waited until strangulation had set in before they recognized that the only way to stop is to stop.

Some states and localities are getting similarly tough with industrial polluters, who—outside of Los Angeles—are probably more important than automobiles anyway. San Francisco and Atlanta are among the cities whose citizens have demanded a stop to the depredations of freeway builders—without notable loss to city values.

In fact, San Francisco was an example used on February 22 by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, when he joined the rest of us reactionaries who think it's time to put the wagons into a circle and fight. The growth of urban masses, he said, and the concentration of industry into metropolitan areas, is "national idiocy."

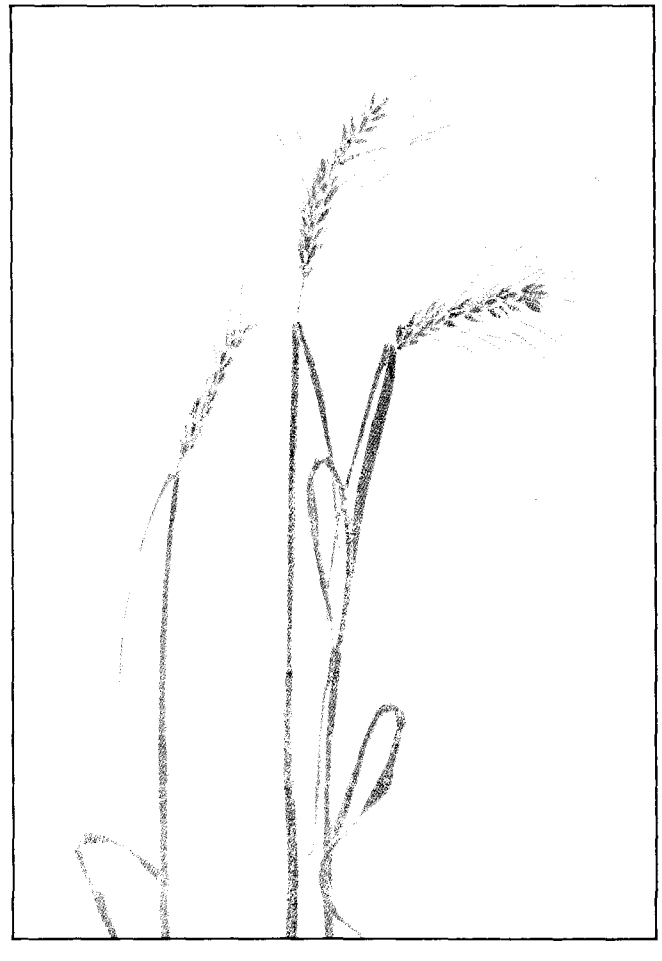
"Seventy per cent of our population live on . . . one per cent of the continental land mass," he said, and "insuperable problems, including riots and waste disposal problems, have been created."

With the increasing mechanization of agriculture, Freeman said, and with the increasing amount of farm area now passing out of agricultural use, the sensible thing is for industries to move back into the areas that were once the heart of farm belts. Defense contracts ought to be shifted, at least to some extent, out of California—including contracts for food supplies.

Not long ago, having visited the great ecologist, Eugene Odum, at the University of Georgia, I drove south through the gentle, rolling country of northeast Georgia, renewing a sentimental attachment from previous visits to the area, and then turned west toward Atlanta on U.S. 278. The highway runs from Atlanta to Augusta, across the state; on a beautifully sunny Saturday afternoon it was probably carrying as much traffic as it ever needs to handle.

But as a driver, I had no problem. I held the car exactly at the speed limit (a Georgia habit left over from the days of the civil rights movement), passed a few cars, was passed by a few. I could without hindrance have driven ten miles an hour faster. Traffic in the other direction was no heavier. For part of its distance 278 is only two-laned, but it does not wind; the land is flat and vision clear, and even Saturday afternoon traffic presented no passing problems. There are few towns on the route, none large enough so that local traffic crowds the highway. Only at the outskirts of burgeoning Atlanta did the traffic become heavy enough to demand freeway conditions.

But the freeway started long before the traffic needed it. Alongside U.S. 278, the land is being torn to construct Interstate 20 all the way to Augusta: three and four lanes in each direction, with a 70-mile-an-hour speed limit instead of 60, a snap for the Engineers. It is perhaps the



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most absolutely unnecessary highway I have ever seen.

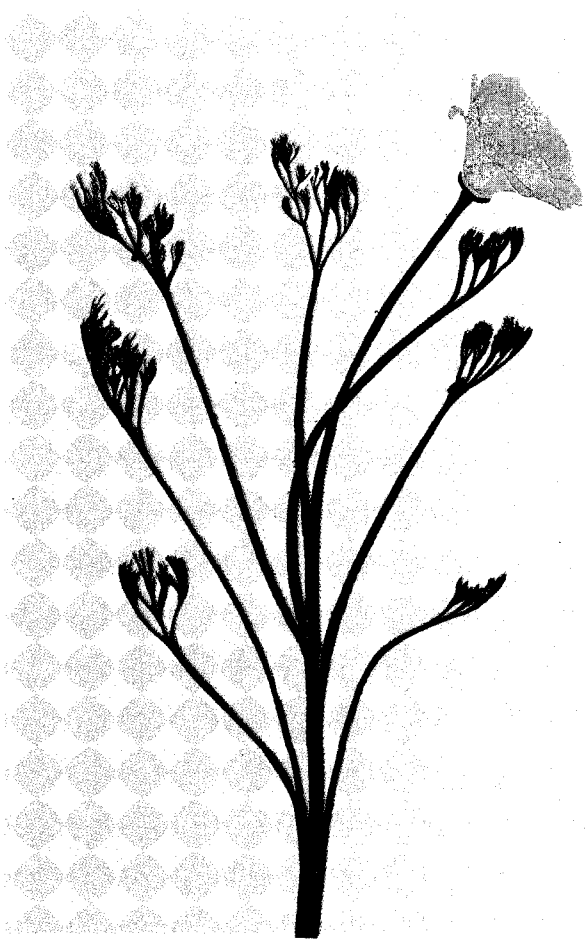
I tried, driving those uncrowded miles through country I happen to love, to understand why the Engineers are building that freeway where no traffic demands it. One of the official reasons for the interstate system, I know, is "national defense"; I thought of the Chinese hordes swarming up the Savannah River, and caught myself grinning. Congress had voted the system, and Georgia had to have its piece of the pie, whether anybody needed the freeway or not; that was all.

Nobody needs it. Nobody but bankers and short-term profiteers needs the California Water Plan or the Grand Canyon dams; nobody but pennywise promoters needs a fourth jetport on the Great Swamp or anywhere else. It is time to stop.

[IX: LA GUERRE EST FINIE]

CONSIDER—now that we have reached this point—the frightening depredations which the rapist Engineers are wreaking on the land.

Consider the violation of southern Florida, which, if it is not stopped, will destroy not only the beauty and the life and the economy, but the entire vital ecology of that lovely area. Consider the insistence of the Engineers who, if they are not stopped, will literally fill in the lower gorges of the Grand Canyon. Consider the rape of Storm King and the Great Swamp, the ravaging of everything natural in California for its water transfer plan. Consider the Kennecott Copper Company which intends to cut a vicious open pit into the Great Cascades to take out enough copper to supply the nation for two days.



Consider the hundreds of projects by Engineers and developers and short-range profiteers all over America, projects large and small, and the continuing rape of the environments and ecosystems on which we all depend by the forces of what they insist on calling "progress."

At a Montreal symposium, Dr. Raymond Nace, a research hydrologist with the Interior Department's Geological Survey, reported with barely disguised anguish on the proposed North American Water and Power Alliance —NAWAPA—which would cost $100 billion and would redistribute water, now flowing to the North Pacific, to the Bering Sea, to the Arctic Ocean and to Hudson Bay, so that it would flow instead to water-short areas in the United States, Canada and Mexico. It is the California Water Plan on an even huger scale.

If the plan were completed, Dr. Nace asked, would another $100 billion be needed "to combat unwanted and unforeseen side-effect phenomena that were not included in the original plan?"

There are two simple, economy-shaking, possibly reactionary, absolutely inescapable points we have to grasp if Americans, at least, are to go on living on the earth.

The first is that we do not know what we are doing—or, rather, what we are letting the Engineers do. We *must* come to understand the incredibly complex relationships within our environment; we must come to understand our ecosystem, which means that we must come to understand as much as we can, as soon as we can, about ecosystems in general. That alone is a reason—and even when other reasons are present, it is the urgently overriding reason—for preserving the Great Swamp and the Great Smokies, the Grand Canyon and the Great Cascades.

The second is that there is nothing magical or inevitable about "progress"; we must, in fact, simply say "stop." We must recognize that we do not really need the fourth jetport or the water plan, that there is a flaw in all of our reasoning. We take it for granted that we can control the waters of the earth and the height of its mountains —and we take it equally for granted that we are slaves to the number and location of our automobiles, our factories, our populations.

It will be expensive. Kimberly-Clark's model pollution treatment plant near Mount Shasta cost $2 million.

But other "costs" are not costs at all. What New York would lose through not building its rubber jetport, some other community would gain. What Los Angeles would

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lose if the California Water Plan were not pursued, some other community would gain. There is enough that needs to be done—schools and hospitals are the usual examples, and they make the point—to provide work for the building trades.

Deciding simply to stop will also require changes in the law. The present federal highway law, for example, is designed to get the roads built *now*—and to hell with esthetic, much less ecological, considerations. But when it's done, the interstate highway system—leaving out all the freeways and thruways and byways built before it—will consist of enough concrete so that, as a parking lot, it could accommodate two-thirds of the automobiles in the United States (it would be 20 miles square). It will take up one and a half million acres of *new* right of way. It will use up 30 million tons of iron ore to make its steel, plus 18 million tons of coal and six and a half million tons of limestone. Its lumber requirements will take all the trees from a 400-square-mile forest.

Who needs it?

Ecologist John Buckley of the Interior Department, discussing estuarine areas, came up with a possible formula for stopping:

> We may need to come around soon to a kind of landscaping zoning, a decision that for the estuaries the principle of multiple use won't work. An estuary can be used either for this purpose or for something else. Carrying it to an extreme, clearly if one dredges and builds industrial sites, this is one valuable use for an estuary. At the same time, you can't expect the shallow waters along the edge of it to serve as a nursery ground for shrimp and other aquatic resources.

Business executive Bertrand Raynes goes further, and suggests that if we really want to save America, we could in effect zone it all:

> Zoning controls should include ecological considerations as well as the tax duplicate. As an example, homes or businesses should not be allowed to be built on flood plains, flooded out, and then to use their plight to push for the damming of free-flowing rivers. Natural drainage areas should not be automatically assigned as fill areas or garbage dumps and so forth. Whole riverfronts or lake fronts should not be given over to industry and commerce without the respite of green areas. Natural areas should not be abandoned to indiscriminate abuse of their land, water and air—and simply thereafter called the heavy industrial zone.

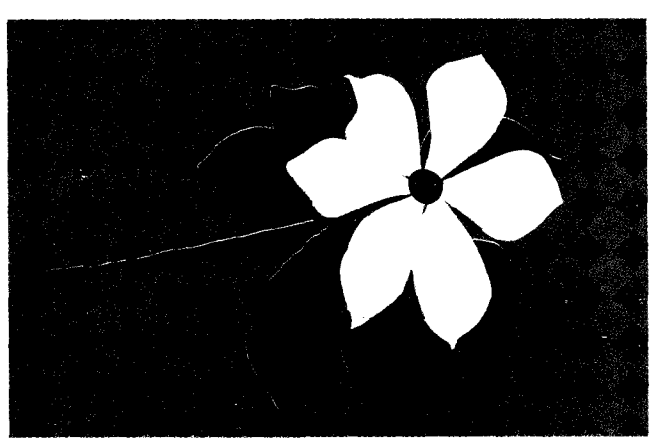
Dr. Eugene Odum, in Athens, Georgia, sat back in a comfortable chair after we had finished luncheon in the state university's Center for Continuing Education, and mused about the Engineer mentality in broad, metaphoric terms. "We still think of ourselves," he said, "as waging a war against nature, conquering the land. But the war is over. We've won. We know that nature is defeated now before the advance of man—we have the weapons to fight the forest and the flood, the storm and the heat. We are even conquering space.

"But when we defeat an enemy in battle—when we defeated Germany and Japan—do we simply go on killing and slaughtering? Do we set out deliberately to massacre the population and destroy the land we've defeated? Of course not. We have defeated nature. We must do as we do with any other defeated enemy—help nature, and recognize that we must live with nature, from now on, forever. The war is over."

The war against nature is over. It is time for the war against the Engineers. It is time to learn—even if it is beyond the Engineers' ken—that we must save our ecosystems, not only because they may be pretty or because man may have a need to escape to them for recreation or meditation or the simple inhalation of fresh air, but because we may, someday, vitally need what they contain. Dr. John Cantlon of the National Science Foundation calls it "the purely practical argument that these arrays of organisms harbor vast amounts of potentially useful information," and goes on:

> It would be utterly repugnant to all except the hard-core anti-intellectual to encourage a madman to tour world libraries randomly destroying books. Such a practice, permitted to continue unabated, would surely result in the total loss of some works and the disappearance of the local translations of others. The genetic information contained in species populations, as well as the ecological information content of the total functioning array of organisms in an ecological system, represents an irreplaceable resource.

The freedom of the pike, Tawney said, is the death of the minnow. The freedom of the growth-rate planner, the builder of projects, the rapacious Engineer, is the death of man.



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Continued from page 12

companies tried to take advantage of confused new officials to get their patents granted. March worked long and hard to make sure new men were not misled into approving patent applications.

About this time March began stepping onto even more controversial ground: he started firing off memos trying to persuade his superiors to get back lands already patented. In 1957, March had worked on a suit the government brought in a Denver federal court to recover some land which had been carelessly patented years before. The government had found the original mining claims fraudulent and they had once actually been declared null and void by the Interior Department. This case—which was settled out of court at a reported gain to the federal government of several hundred thousand dollars—disturbed the oil interests. Was the Interior Department going to bring more suits to get back other rich oil land then in private hands? And Fred March was repeatedly —and dangerously, to some—urging that the Department look carefully at the legal history of already patented claims. It was widely believed that March had dug up specific information on other patented claims that had past histories of fraud and could in fact be won back to the public domain in court. Documentary evidence in Ramparts' possession indicates such claims exist, though the Interior Department has quietly let the statute of limitations on bringing recovery suits expire for most of them. The question of whether these old patented claims are technically fraudulent or not could only be decided in a Federal court. But the issue never got there.

Two other lawyers in March's office knew him well, worked with him and were sympathetic to his view on oil shale. About five years ago things started happening to March and his fellow attorneys, Tom Stewart and Colleen Connelly. They were also asking embarrassing questions about the Interior Department not protecting publicly-owned lands sufficiently.

March is a conscientious and somewhat nervous man, the kind of person vulnerable to browbeating by others. Beginning in 1962, he was repeatedly interrogated and shouted at by his superiors, particularly Regional Solicitor B. Palmer King. He was accused of being difficult to work with, but his associates felt that the real reason for the pressure on him was his views on oil shale. An Interior Department employee is apparently supposed to support the public interest—but apparently just so far. In September 1963, after previous attempts to pressure him out of the Interior Department had failed, March was put on leave without pay. Early the next year the Interior Department tried to involuntarily retire him. Later that year, the U.S. Civil Service Commission halted the attempt to retire him and ruled that he should be given his back pay and be put back to work. So the Interior Department was forced to take him back. But March was sent to a regional office in Portland, Oregon, a thousand miles away from oil shale. He is still working there today, a defeated man. He refuses to discuss his past.

But there are others who will talk. One of them is Eddie Moore, a former official of the Plaza Hotel, in Washington, D.C., where March stayed for a while in 1964. Moore remembers March coming to him in great agitation one day to complain that critical documents dealing with his case (then before the Civil Service Commission) had been stolen from his hotel room. A number of others who were then in touch with March say that at one point during 1964, his life was threatened by an unknown man with a gun, who told him he should stop stirring up trouble on oil shale.

Attorney Colleen Connelly herself was eased out of the Interior Department by a personnel hearing. The hearing came when she was unable to comply with a Department request that she leave the Denver office of the Solicitor and start work in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The fact that Miss Connelly was receiving daily medical treatment for a recent injury and that she was taking care of an invalid mother in Denver made it look suspiciously as if the transfer to Albuquerque was an effort to get her to leave the Federal Service. On January 9, 1964, the Rocky Mountain News reported "Senator Peter H. Dominick (R-Colo) . . . has advised the Senate Civil Service Committee that the woman's proposed transfer may be inspired by reasons other than official."

Affidavits concerning fraudulent and perjured testimony made during Miss Connelly's personnel hearing were later ignored by the Interior Department. Her case was heard by a three-man board of hearing examiners, all of them appointed by D. Otis Beasley, then assistant secretary of the Interior for Administration. Beasley is now a lawyer in Washington for Standard Oil of Indiana. Tom Stewart, according to what he told friends at the time, was approached in the lobby of the Denver Hilton Hotel, the day before he was to go on the witness stand, by two of the three hearing examiners. They said to him they hoped none of his testimony would reflect badly on Beasley.

But something more serious had also happened to Stewart before the hearing. When he actually went on the stand he was highly nervous and excited. By way of apology, he said, "My life has been threatened." Despite two references to this, the hearing examiner never asked him to elaborate.

Today Stewart adamantly refuses to talk about that remark in his testimony or about anything to do with oil shale. "Look," he said, "my life has been threatened once. I don't want it to happen again. Goodbye."

Anyway, somebody wasn't kidding. Stewart went to Washington in late 1964. It was there one day, while he was about a mile outside Washington city limits, driving into the District of Columbia from Maryland, that his car was shot at from behind an earthen bank at the side of the road. The bullet hit the steel frame of his car's windshield. He told friends he does not know who shot at him.

In January 1964, five of Colleen Connelly's friends visited her home to listen to tape recordings she had made of the hearing. Each person who heard the tapes subsequently received anonymous, threatening phone calls. Neighbors reported to her that two men with binoculars were consistently watching her house from a nearby road. The two men were posing as surveyors. But one day Miss Connelly stopped and noticed that one of their instruments, a surveyor's transit theodolite, was being held upside down. The next day they were gone.

When Colleen Connelly was trying to appeal her dismissal from the Interior Department, she employed a lawyer named Truman Coles. He is now a public defender in Denver. In a tape recording made for Ramparts, Mr. Coles describes two instances when important documents relating to Colleen Connally's appeal were stolen from him. The first time, around May 8, 1964, Coles was in the Denver public library and left the documents on a table while he went to the

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library stacks. At that time, he said, "Somebody came to the desk and surreptitiously took all of Miss Connelly's documents and files and left the other documents, along with my briefcase, on the table." A month later, Coles again had documents on the Connelly case with him during his lunch hour in Denver's city park. He left the material on the back seat of his car for a few minutes, and when he came back it was gone.

Earlier, during her hearing, Miss Connelly had a lawyer named Marilyn Wilde. In a written statement, Miss Wilde describes how, on February 12, 1964, the door of her apartment house was broken open, and the lock on her third floor apartment's door picked. A chain on the door held, and whoever was trying to get in failed to do so. Hers was the only apartment in the building touched.

"There is no doubt in my mind," writes Miss Wilde, who is now a deputy district attorney in Denver, "that the entire issue was raised when three dedicated public servants—March, Stewart and Connelly—were using their professional skills to preserve the wealth of the public and to halt the giveaways of . . . oil shale and other minerals . . ."

[BLACK GOLD]

EARLY ENGLISH COMMON LAW let you own most minerals in the ground under your castle, but reserved to the Sovereign all deposits of gold and silver, which he needed to make coins. Though it cannot be minted into shillings and florins, the Colorado oil shale is worth far more than gold. Morris Garnsey, professor of economics at the University of Colorado, and a natural resources expert who has studied oil shale carefully, warns: "The American people are in danger of losing the most significant natural resource that still belongs to them."

Pitifully few people are concerned about the threat aggressive private interests pose to the fabulously rich oil shale deposits. One who is, J. R. Freeman, publisher of a weekly newspaper in Frederick, Colorado, a colorful, dedicated and courageous man, has spent most of his time and money during the past year investigating Colorado oil shale. He has written to public officials throughout the country and has published a long series of articles on the subject in his newspaper. It was he who alerted Ramparts to this story and who supplied most of the leads on information here. But, instead of praise for his vigorous defense of the public interest, Freeman has received a strange variety of harassment. He gets threatening phone calls regularly. A friend who is an electronics expert tested his telephone and told him it was tapped. In July of last year, Freeman went home for a week to his native Texas. When he returned, he found his newspaper office had been broken into and his desk pried open. The only thing in the office disturbed was the filing drawer of his desk, which had been thoroughly rifled. There were several $20 bills and small change in an unlocked cardboard cash box, but it was not taken. Five hundred dollars' worth of hunting rifles hanging on the walls were not touched either, nor were three hundred dollars' worth of cameras.

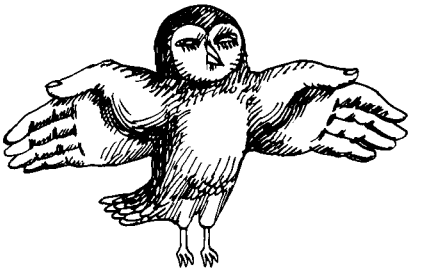
It is clear that the things that have happened to Freeman, March, Stewart, Miss Connelly and others demand an immediate high level government investigation by some agency *other* than the Department of the Interior. There is no question powerful private interests are trying to keep quiet those who know too much about the oil shale land grab.

Today, unspoiled public land is so scarce that the government actually buys it *back* from private citizens for national parks and the like. Yet the oil shale lands can still be claimed—for other minerals at least—under laws that originated in Gold Rush days. The provisions of American mineral law which permit miners to stake claims on public lands were made when mining was a one or two man proposition. Today, no individual can produce oil from shale any more than he could single-handedly run the Queen Mary. The Gold Rush mining laws must be modernized accordingly.

Former Senator Paul Douglas, one of the few men in public life who realizes the immense importance of oil shale, once introduced a bill in Congress specifying that all royalty revenues from oil shale should go towards paying off the national debt. He proved statistically that royalties from oil shale would be more than enough to do this. His point was that the Colorado oil shale is a natural resource of such a new *order* of magnitude—like atomic energy—that special attention must be paid to it.

The underlying issue here is the enormous political power of the American oil industry. It is a power that has been matched in our history only by the influence of the great railroads at the end of the last century. It is a power which manipulates state Houses and Congress with ease. It must be checked once and for all, before the richest natural resource remaining to the American people passes out of public hands for good.

Reviews:



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Atlantic: Little, Brown. 350 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by Jessica Mitford

"My grandmother gave me a Bible with her favourite texts written on the flyleaf. Among these was 'Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.' Her emphasis upon this text led me in later life to be not afraid of belonging to small minorities."

WHEN BERTRAND RUSSELL was three years old, both parents having died (as Victorian parents were apt to do), he and his older brother were sent to live with their grandparents.

The circumstances were these: Lord and Lady Amberley, Bertrand's parents, had engaged a tutor to look after their sons. The tutor, chosen by his employers because he was an atheist and a radical, was in an advanced stage of consumption. "Apparently upon grounds of pure theory," writes Bertrand Russell, "my father and mother decided that although he ought to remain childless on account of his tuberculosis, it was unfair to expect him to be celibate. My mother therefore allowed him to live with her, though I know of no evidence that she derived any pleasure from doing so." To top all, the Amberleys bequeathed guard-

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ianship of their sons to the tutor and another atheist to protect them "from the evils of a religious upbringing."

The earth-shattering family crisis that must have ensued when these highly eccentric arrangements came to light can only be imagined; Bertrand was, alas, too young to know the details. He merely tells us that his grandparents, who learned of the liaison between Lady Amberley and the tutor from (of all sources!) Lord Amberley's papers, were "filled with Victorian horror." They took immediate legal action to wrest the innocent orphans from the clutches of the intriguing infidels. Thus it was that Bertrand Russell spent a lonely (although not altogether unhappy) childhood dominated by towering Victorian originals of his grandmother's generation.

Lord Russell's autobiography has many of the same qualities as his scientific and philosophical writings. I remember reading *The A.B.C. of Relativity* when I was about 12, and for a thrilling moment actually believing that I understood this complicated subject because of the extraordinarily clear, straightforward way in which Russell presented it. The autobiography is marked by a startling sort of directness (I hesitate to use the word frankness, which to me connotes a tiresome and self-conscious straining to Tell All) that is, no doubt, part of the fibre of the author's mind and character. It may also be characteristic of his immense age. After all, Lord Russell is speaking from far above the storm of events that have receded into history. Many of the *dramatis personae* are long since dead. The book ends in 1913, when he was 41 years old.

From the wealth of anecdotes (often terrifically funny) of his strange early upbringing, his childhood passion for mathematics, his life as a Cambridge student, his marriage and subsequent romantic attachments, there emerges a riveting picture of a mind of genius in the making.

Lord Russell has evidently long been haunted by his dead parents and their antecedents, for this is not the first time he has conjured up their ghosts. Many of the identical family legends are recounted in his preface to *The Amberley Papers*, a two-volume collection of his parents' letters and diaries, and again in his foreword to the biography of his Aunt Rosalind, Lady Carlisle. Those interested in the interaction of heredity and environment in the formation of character and intellect will find much upon which to speculate in Russell's book.

IF HIS FATHER'S PEOPLE were a bit peculiar (to say the least), his mother's family, the violently individualistic Stanleys of Alderley, outdid them. (These same Stanleys are also forebears of the Mitford family; but we like to think that this aberrant and eccentric strain in our ancestry had died out long before my sisters and I were born, in the first part of this century.) Russell's Stanley uncles included a Mohammedan, a free-thinker and a Roman Catholic priest. At Sunday luncheons where these were gathered, together with yet other Stanleys representing the Church of England, Unitarianism and Positivism, earsplitting rows regularly rent the Lord's Day hush.

Russell recalls, "I used to go to these luncheons in fear and trembling, since I never knew but what the whole pack would turn on me." Visits alone with Lady Stanley, his grandmother, were equally terrifying. "I used to make des-

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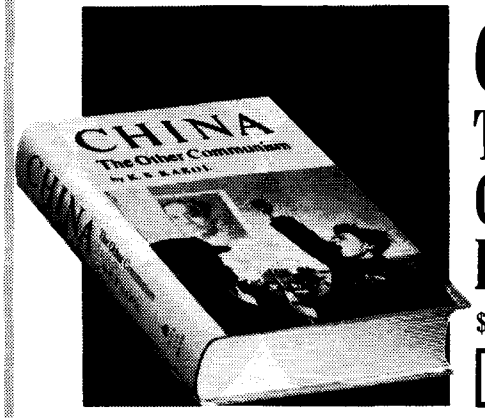

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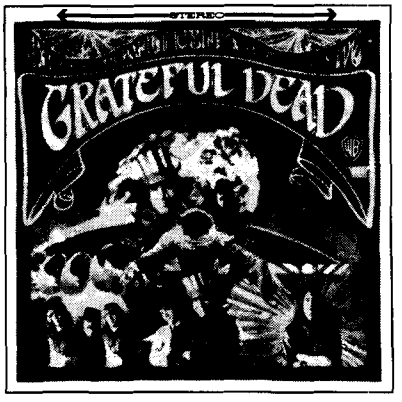

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perate endeavours to produce a good impression, but they would have failed in ways that I could not have foreseen. I remember telling her that I had grown 2-1/2 inches in the last seven months, and that at that rate I should grow 4-2/7 inches in a year. 'Don't you know,' she said, 'that you should never talk about any fractions except halves and quarters?—it is pedantic!' 'I know it now,' I replied. 'How like his father!' she said, turning to my Aunt Maude."

Bertrand, made of far gentler stuff than his tough-minded elders, hated being teased. Yet like many brilliant children he must have seemed made for teasing, and one can hardly blame the grown-ups for perpetrating this sort of joke: "I heard one of the grown-ups saying to another, 'When is that young Lyon coming?' I pricked up my ears, and said, 'Is there a lion coming?' 'Yes,' they said, 'he's coming on Sunday. He'll be quite tame and you shall see him in the drawing-room.' " Having counted the hours until Sunday only to meet an ordinary young man named Lyon, Russell recalls he was "utterly overwhelmed by the disenchantment and still remember with anguish the depths of my despair."

His education got off to a somewhat desultory start. His Aunt Agatha tried without much success to teach him to read; but the only word he could master under her tutelage was "or." (Is this, perhaps, one of the better beginning words for a fledgling philosopher?) She must have been hard put to it to answer his questions—"Do limpets think?"—and shortly before he was five he was sent briefly to a day school. Thereafter he was educated at home by tutors. A turning point in his life came when he was 11 and his older brother undertook to teach him Euclid. "This was one of the great events of my life, as dazzling as first love. I had not imagined that there was anything so delicious in the world." At about this time, because of a chance remark made by an uncle, he realized that he was intelligent: "I determined to achieve something of intellectual importance if it should be at all possible, and throughout my youth I let nothing whatever stand in the way of this ambition." Music and painting seem to have figured not at all in his development, for he nowhere mentions them; but his love for history and literature grew parallel with his passion for mathematics and logic. When he first heard recited "Tyger, Tyger, burning bright," the poem affected him so much "that I became dizzy and had to lean against the wall."

Russell evidently wilted in the company of intellectual inferiors. His Grandmother Stanley, entertaining at her pleasureless tea-parties, would sigh after a guest had just departed, "Fools are so fatiguin'," thus striking terror into the remaining company. While it was not in young Bertrand's nature to voice such unkind thoughts, he nonetheless suffered fearfully from boredom when forced to associate with Philistines and dullards. His brief stay at the age of 16 with an Army crammer (where he was sent not to prepare for the Army but for a Cambridge scholarship examination) was his first experience away from home among his contemporaries, and he seems to have hated it.

The Army candidates were a crude lot. Yet although Russell says he was shocked by their bawdy jokes, he cannot help treating us to a few: "When one day in church a hymn was sung containing the line: 'Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,' they remarked: 'I never heard it called that before!' "

It was not until he got to Cambridge, where he was immediately sought out by the great scholars of the day, that he began to find friends who were to become lifelong associates: J. Maynard Keyes, the Trevelyan brothers, Lytton Strachey, G. E. Moore. Also Professor Alfred North Whitehead, with whom he collaborated on *Principia Mathematica*, and McTaggart, the philosopher, who said marvelous things like "Great God in boots! The ontological argument is sound!"

The search for knowledge, Lord Russell tells us, was one of the three governing passions of his life. The story of his intellectual friendships and enmities—and the sidelights on the participants—make fascinating reading. The other governing passions were "unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind" and "the longing for love."

Love among the dons has always been a good deal less restrained than in other English circles. Bertrand Russell, with his heritage of unorthodox views in this area, eventually gained a reputation among the solid citizens as a dangerous and disturbing exponent of a new sexual morality. I can remember being forbidden to read his books for this reason,

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[SALE ADVERTISEMENT]

In this wacky town there's a shoe store that's also a little wacky. Come on down, if you think you know which one it is, and we'll kiss you on the forehead and make it Otherwise Worth Your While—like 10% off on a new pair of shoes or (hint) a dress. (Have ad torn out, folded and inserted in left shoe.) The town is San Francisco.

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formed by the New Committee of San Francisco at their new theatre at 836 Montgomery Street) is not only strained, it is positively ruptured. There is nothing noble about MACBIRD! In fact, it is practically a national disgrace. It is a vicious play upon the sacred memory of he who died (under mysterious circumstances) in Dallas, November 22nd, 1962; it is a libel on he who rules America today; as well as a gratuitous attack upon certain presumptive heirs of the presidency.

MACBIRD!, is it a play? Is it a bird? Is it a parody? Or is it merely an extension of the same ugly, clumsy political machinations that have evidently been going on for the last 300 odd (O very odd!) years, since Shakespeare took note of them.

Miss Garson's version, to give the drama critics their due, is neither in the tradition of good theatre nor is it a shining example of good taste. The laughter it stimulates (and there is a lot of laughing going on) is neither exhilarating nor wholesome. This sort of mirth is suspect; and one questions whether the people onstage are the only ones in the theatre who are acting. The tone of this laughter suggests that the audience is also performing; that is, it seems to be pretending to be amused by reality tricked out in Elizabethan metre. The audience seems to be pretending to laugh because laughter, at least, gives a certain amount of offense; laughter, at MACBIRD!, is to some degree insulting to certain principles, certain persons. In these impotent times, in this bizarre clime, America, we mere citizens are reduced to insult. Our desire to offend is the register of our rage.

As that perceptive critic J. Edgar Hoover recently noted in a forward to the FBI's Law Enforcement Bulletin (appropriate organ), "Some small but vocal groups seem bent on eliminating all ethical practices relating to our established order." Mr. Hoover especially scored Miss Garson's MACBIRD! "We should be alarmed when widespread recognition and monetary rewards go to a person who writes a satirical piece of trash which maliciously defames the President of our country and insinuates he murdered his predecessor."

How perfectly, how precisely, Mr. Hoover states the case for and against MACBIRD! O that those small but O so vocal groups (the Committee players are an excellent example) who would violate, yea even eliminate, Mr. Hoover's established order. Would that they could provoke widespread alarm and not hollow laughter.

Indeed, MACBIRD! is a piece of satirical trash. But why blame Miss Garson for the conduct of the U.S. government? The fact that the President of the United States is gross, grotesque, a caricature, an exaggeration in the worst possible taste, and the fact that the political scene is filled with such unbelievable, trashy, transparent, malicious personae is lamentable, but so obvious that it hardly seems worth commenting upon. Certainly, I prefer the play MACBIRD! to the reality that inspired it. Certainly, MACBIRD! is in dreadful taste. It reminds one of the Warren Commission Report, the war in "Viet-land," and J. Edgar Hoover. What excruciating taste—to insinuate that our beloved President is mad, and to infer that Senator Robert Kennedy (Robert Ken O'Dunc) is trading on the martyrdom of his late brother; that the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, the Earl of Warren, could ever mouth such sentiments as "O whine, O pout. / That ever I was born to bury doubt," when in fact, Earl Warren, in real life and quoted in the New York Times, merely said, "The true facts regarding this investigation (of Kennedy's assassination) may never be known in our lifetime." Clearly, the stage version is inferior to what we Americans so quaintly call *real life.*

Perhaps the most fitting epithet for MACBIRD! is *irresponsible* (credit Walter Kerr and other reviewers of the established order). The conduct of Washington, the hypocrisy of Senator Kennedy, the napalm falling on Viet-land, Lady Bird's national beautification program, and other Administration antics, are they irresponsible? In my opinion they are not, for the American people will be held responsible for the crimes that are being committed in our name. It is not irresponsibility but *indecency* that troubles me. MACBIRD!, unfortunately, is not indecent: but the bureaucracy is. Were I that Great Drama Critic In The Sky, I would close the government tomorrow, and let MACBIRD! close with it. But so long as the original, or *source*, obscenity persists, I can find all sorts of reasons why the parody (or paraphrase) MACBIRD! should have a long, uncomfortable run at the New Committee theatre (which *is* comfortable, score paradox number 660).

Political implications aside . . . there simply is no play. There is merely John Brent who is incredibly suave and insidiously Texan, enormously menacing as You-know-who. And there is Jason Goodrow straight out of the true theatre of the purely and innocently absurd, a seven-year-old who plays Teddy Ken O'Dunc. There is Jason Goodrow's father, Gary, who plays Bobby and who is fortunate to have such a talented son; and there is Jessica Meyerson as Stevenson in drag (the Egg of Head) and others, all totally competent, equally restricted by their material, which is about as inspirational as the morning newspapers.

The significance of MACBIRD! does not lie in the play itself, but in the audience that attends it and laughs in all the right places. The play itself is merely treason. That is, it's uncomfortably close to the truth, which is as doubtful as the number of shots fired a few years ago at JFK. Such an obscure play: both trivial and monumental, MACBIRD! cannot be treated as mere traditional theatre. Any discussion of its merits or defects is indulgence. The only thing, in fact, worth considering is the behavior of the public, so deeply involved with the content of MACBIRD! that only laughter can articulate the rage, the frustration, the grand confusion that will surely bring "burning wood to Washington."

By all means go see MACBIRD! for good clean fun, a thousand and one yuks, and to register your protest against that bloody, *established order.*

MACBIRD! is vile. It is America's laughing mask coming off. See it, if possible. If possible, do something about it.

Belles Lettres:

This article, originally a letter in the Feb./Mar. 1967 issue of The Critic, a bimonthly Catholic literary magazine

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Will he follow in his father's footsteps?

For many men, having sons follow in their footsteps is a fond dream.

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published in Chicago, is printed here as a powerful statement of the artist's anguish over the war in Vietnam.—The Editors

Mr. Joel Wells
The Critic
180 N. Wabash
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Wells,

Thank you for asking my opinion of young Americans "who are making a cult of neo-Nazi paraphernalia." I'm pleased to hear the market is coming back.

Could you put me in touch with a Young American who'd like to own a bayonet, forged of Solingen steel and bearing the inscription *Blut und Ehre* (Blood and Honor)—all for his very own? A helmet on which the swastika may still be discerned? How about a picture-paste-in history—*Deutschland Erwacht*—of the NSDAP? Would you believe a coffeegrinder from Essen? I'll throw in a bolt-action Mauser if the price is right.

To Americans who lugged this *Schrecklichkeit* hardware home in duffel bags—lo these 20 swift years gone—the stuff has lost all ominousness. One who remembers those buttonless beggars in coats too long, shuffling across the snow on shoes chopped from Goodrich rubber, hoping to barter *Blut und Ehre* for half a Hershey bar, can only wonder now whether honor was ever involved at all.

We are a people who like to win wars. Nobody who ever went to one wearing jackboots ever won . . . one, we know. As we know nobody who ever went to one wearing a coonskin cap ever lost one.

Only the other day Lyndon Birdsong Johnson instructed our troops: "Bring back thet ky-*yoo*nskin 'n we'll nail it to the wall!" We are a people who like to win wars and nail "kyoonskins" to walls. They have to be nailed these days to keep the swastika beneath from showing.

"Were you aware, Dr. von Braun, of the number of civilians being killed nightly by the German Avenger weapon at the time you were associated with it?" someone once asked Dr. Wernher von Braun.

"I was aiming at the stars," replied Dr. Wernher von Braun.

At what far star was Admiral Radford aiming in naming an American carrier-based bombing design *Operation Guernica-Vulture?* Merely to honor the destruction of a defenseless city? Or because it differed from Goering's raid in that our planes were to carry French insignia to evade diplomatic repercussions?

("No, son, that *wouldn't* be a 'sneak-attack.' A sneak-attack is made by military personnel upon installations by plane, without formal declaration of war. When you send mercenaries by water under cover of darkness to assault civilians it's an heroic commando raid.")

Look out for the man whose honor may be redeemed only in blood: his poor aim in sighting the stars fills the paraplegic wards. And his plea, "Come, let us reason together," is made to gain time to build up firepower sufficient to make reasoning of no use.

"Those who now most oppose our methods will come to adopt them," Hitler gave warning before our man in Saigon, in a charming interview, acknowledged he had no other personal hero.

Young Americans now fashioning cults from the emblems of fascism are greatly outnumbered by older Americans whose insignia are less alien; whose respectability is unimpeachable; whose honor may not be impugned; and whose passion for destruction, couched in phrasing so benign, is wholly corrupting.

Leaving other young Americans, whose sole insignia is a passion for humaneness, with no room to stand.

TV viewers who witnessed a chop-job recently performed upon Miss Megan Terry and her play, *Viet Rock*, will take my meaning. "Have you been to Saigon, Miss Terry?" one of the more highly paid Honorable-Unimpeachables now for hire asked—but didn't stay for an answer. "Well, I have—and I'm going to give you a piece of advice. . . ." Miss Terry *had* been to the war emotionally. The interviewer had never been to either a play or a war by *that* route. He'd had a junket to Saigon and had traveled here and there, but what has *that* got to do with it? My grandfather went to the Civil War and Stephen Crane never did; this makes Grandpa a better short-story writer than Stephen Crane and Howard K. Smith a critic of the American stage.

A play expressing repugnance for herding women and children behind American barbed wire required discrediting before American viewers. The em-

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blems and the proofs of power are vested in voices as well as in green berets.

Have Voice: Will Travel.

And those whom our society excludes from civilization devise their own emblems to proclaim that they, too, belong to The Company of Men. Lee Oswald was foreshadowed by Richard Wright's Bigger Thomas. When society passed the sentence of death upon Bigger it was his triumph, because by it he was recognized as a man at last. "I'm alright now," he says at the novel's close. By assassination, Oswald forced history to take him into account.

"If you don't know my name you don't know your own," James Baldwin applied Wright's perception most usefully two decades after—yet didn't apply it widely. For to know who we are we had to know that Perry Smith and Richard Speck are part of ourselves, as well as Bigger Thomas.

To live a lifetime in the same house with another human being without admitting his reality is to fail to find one's own true self. Yet we send Marines to Santo Domingo to sustain our delusion that the slum-dwellers of San Isidro aren't actually there. The only reality we act upon is our immediate political expedient. And we act with a violence which has replaced the *Furor Teutonicus* with a *Furor Americanus*.

THEREFORE your inquiry about our Wild Leftouts on motorbikes cannot be answered out of context of the violence for which we, as a nation, now stand in the eyes of the world. Can we sanction starvation, torture, death by fire and death by bomb abroad and not expect to get a recoil here?

"We don't start fights," a 25-year-old Harley-Davidson rider assures me. "The squares won't let us alone." He's painted a black swastika on his helmet, pinned a small Confederate flag in the lapel of his brown leather jacket and wears an earring in his left ear. You can tell he's not the sort who craves attention because he doesn't have a beard. I couldn't tell what his wife looked like because she was wearing shades. They'd been married out of the Harley-Davidson Book of Rules instead of the Bible. "We mind our own business," the bride assures me. "We're not communists."

All true. They're not. And they don't begin fights, the Wild Leftouts. Half a dozen or so of them merely go into a crowded bar to have a quiet drink. Just because they're wearing swastikas, shades, beards, earrings, knucks and the Stars-and-Bars means they want to be left alone. But bartenders pick on them, and some bum who never won a fight in his life cracks wise, and then the cops, the courts pick on them, and the papers print their pictures to make it even worse. Why can't people leave us alone?

Because they have no lives of their own, the Wild Leftouts have to create a life. No man can stand belonging nowhere; *he cannot bear it*. It's better to be a heroin-head and belong to other addicts than to be nothing, nobody at all.

> We must recognize that an overt act of war has been committed by an enemy when that enemy builds a military force intended for our eventual destruction, and that the destruction of that force before it can be launched is a defensive action and not an aggression . . . the earlier such an overt act is recognized the more effective the defense can be.[1]

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, we see now, was a defensive action. The SS men were merely defending themselves at Lidice. The military mind, geared for nothing but destruction, must destroy to survive: the world is a field of fire and all movement is hostile. So it's an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Had not controls been put upon minds like LeMay's, the world would long ago have gone blind and toothless.

And when you have $50 billion invested in defense what you need most isn't allies, but an enemy.

It is no coincidence that the Harley-Davidson riders and the thinkers of the Far Eastern Bomber Command *never* commit an aggression. Other people, other nations, insist on picking on them. The difference is one of sophistication: the riders carry springblade knives or wear skull-and-crossboned patches; the Pentagon riders' paraphernalia is in the PR phraseology that disguises barbarity.

"IT'S A NASTY LITTLE WAR but we have to win it to survive," Dwight Eisenhower, a man who melted like cotton candy in the mouth of history, explains the nightmare in Asia.

What kind of country can it be that requires nasty little wars simply to survive? Isn't the man confusing Morrison-Knudsen of Asia, Inc., Brown & Root, Inc., Raymond International of Delaware and J. A. Jones Construction—the whole consortium of economic privilege in Vietnam—with the word "country?"

"*What is this strategy of Terror?*" Humpty-Dumpty Hubert Humphrey adds in horror because a boy on a bike stopped pedaling long enough to pitch a bomb into an American PX. Lieut. Yossarian of *Catch-22* wanted to know the same thing when he asked the company doctor to send him home because somebody was trying to kill him. Every time he went on a bombing mission somebody on the ground started firing at him.

Everybody was out to kill Yossarian. Everybody keeps picking on the Far Eastern Bomber Command. Even the water buffalo attack our soldiers:

> After ringing the hamlet (Hia Nhut) a man asked permission to go into the field to get the carcasses of two water buffalo shot when they attacked an American soldier.[2]
>
> Encountering a herd of 40 water buffalo, the American Commandoes pumped several grenades into them to slow them down. Then the leader took two men with him and killed or maimed the lot in 15 minutes. One buffalo represents one year's income for a Vietnamese farmer.[3]
>
> Two girls were caught near the weapons factory. The leader of the Commandoes decided to execute them as "an example to those who help the Viet Cong." His plans were thwarted by the commander of a unit who claimed he had captured the girls first.[4]

Perhaps this has something to do with references in the German press to American Commando units as *Bandenkampf-Verbande* (Bandit-Fighting Units), as the *Waffen SS* outfits, who specialized in the killing of guerrillas and their families, were known in World War II.

And may account for American GI's satirizing the American Air Force:

> The FAC (Forward Air Controller)
> rides forth to battle
> A warrior without match
> In his monogrammed flak-jacket and

[1] *Mission with LeMay*, by Curtis LeMay.

[2] *Chicago Tribune*.

[3] *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

[4] Horst Faas for the AP.

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his F-100 patch
Put napalm on a hamlet and burnt the whole thing flat
Got a thousand noncombatants and he's sorry about that.[5]

Young Americans, seeking a cult, strike me as less ominous than the cultists of the Pentagon who have adapted the jargon of the public relations world to camouflage a cruel and cowardly assault for political ends. Nauseous gas has become a "beneficent incapacitator." When used to smoke civilians out of caves into a "field of fire" they haven't been machine-gunned so much as having been beneficially incapacitated, it would seem. "If they weren't V.C. what were they doing out of their area?" an American colonel justified this maneuver. He was from Denver. What was *he* doing out of *his* area?

"Defoliation" now runs so trippingly on the tongue that anyone who claims it actually means crop-poisoning is a subversive and ought to be drafted. "Operation County Fair" has the clean outdoorsy ring of a Methodist outing in McHenry County on the longest day of the year:

> Operation County Fair consists of pulling out of the village structure the V.C.'s, identifying them, *encouraging* them to return to the government side through the "Open Arms" Defector Program, capturing and killing them. We put a cordon around a hamlet, screen each individual and move the people into an enclosure where we give them medical treatment, feed them and issue identity cards.[6]

Emphasis my own: After such encouragement medical treatment must be fairly urgent. Rep. Chamberlain (R. Mich.) was so carried away, on a visit behind the American barbed wire, that he envisioned our Pacification Program as a direct road to victory.

"The simple application of soap helps remarkably," the representative writes. "As for candy, the nutritive value can't be questioned: *Candy is Dandy and Soap Brings Hope.*"

This is the same operation, essentially, that the Japanese called, simply, "Break-and-Subdue." The difference seems to be that the Americans break and subdue with Tootsie Rolls.

Indeed, the major cadres applied to the American Pacification Program today are from the party whose formation was first encouraged by the old Japanese Empire: the Dai Viet. Diem's Concentration Camp Order of January 11, 1956, maintained the attitudes of Imperial Japan toward the Vietnamese peasantry; and Diem's measures have since been sustained by American treasure and American blood.

"What is it about Shintoism that makes atrocities possible?" General Yamashita was asked during his trials as a war criminal.

"In the same fashion as atrocities are made possible by Christianity," the general replied without anger.

THE BOY ON THE BIKE was executed in front of the Railway Building in Saigon, before TV cameras, by Col. Ky. Who *was* the boy on the bike, this strategist of terror willing to lay down his life to become a man? Was his mother that woman of the An Lao Valley who lost both her arms and the lids of her eyes in an American napalm raid, so that now, when it is time for her to sleep, someone must put a black cloth across her eyes? Did she have a nice wash-up with Camay before sleep? Did she get a free Milky-Way before nodding off? Did she get $33.90 for each of her children killed in the same raid? Or were *they* out of *their* area?

I think he is poor, empty-handed, a farmer or the son of a farmer, fighting rich men who possess the wealthiest army in the world at their command.

And yet he is not without wealth. In a sense he is the wealthiest of men. He is wealthy in hatred. The murderous heart he carries is refreshed continually by the indifferent slaughter of women, children, men, buffalo, crops, homes, culture and tradition. Indeed, he has lost so much he does not think of himself as being any longer among living men. He cannot survive without losing his manhood. All dignity taken from him, he regains his pride in executing Americans before they execute him.

And isn't he also David Morrison, dying in order to show us what it is like to die by fire?

Unless we know who this boy on the bike is, we do not know who we are. Because he has gone to the wall before, in many lands under many names; and will go to the wall again.

He is Father Camilo Torres, the guerrilla priest of Bogota, whose demands for land reform forced him out of his church and into the hills, to be shot down in a battle with Colombian police.

He is also that Austrian peasant youth who refused to soldier for Hitler.

"People today come up with every conceivable argument," this unsophisticated boy argued, "to put the issue and the conflict in a favorable light. For instance, one is simply fighting for the German State. Inasmuch as Christ commanded that one must obey the secular rulers even when they are not religious, this is admittedly true. But I do not believe that Christ ever said that one must obey such rulers when they command something that is actually wicked. Can I still say I have a Fatherland?"

Franz Jagerstatter was beheaded by the Nazis in Brandenburg prison on August 9, 1943.

And there he stands, an untutored Catholic peasant who refused the Act of Supremacy; who never received the Sword of Loyola; so strongly rooted in the Church of the Martyrs and his catechism that he could go to his death firmly, without even the knowledge that anyone else in the world was aware of his stand.

He, too, was the boy on the bike. And for all the paraphernalia of public relations we now employ to disguise a peasant insurrection for land as a communist conspiracy, he has 450,000 American soldiers pinned down. For he is fighting the same type of war we ourselves fought, also against overwhelming odds, in order to gain our own land, our own culture; and recognition that we too belong to The Company of Men.

Perhaps that was why, when I received a phone call from a Boston newspaper on the day that a drifter of no trade slaughtered eight student nurses here, saying, "We want you to cover The Crime of the Century for us," I answered, "I don't want to go to Vietnam."

And hung up.

Cordially yours,

Nelson Algren

Mr. Algren is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm, A Walk on the Wild Side, *and most recently* Notes from a Sea Diary.

[5] *New York Times* Sunday Magazine, October 30, 1966.

[6] Marine Corps General Greene in *U.S. News and World Report*, September 5, 1966.

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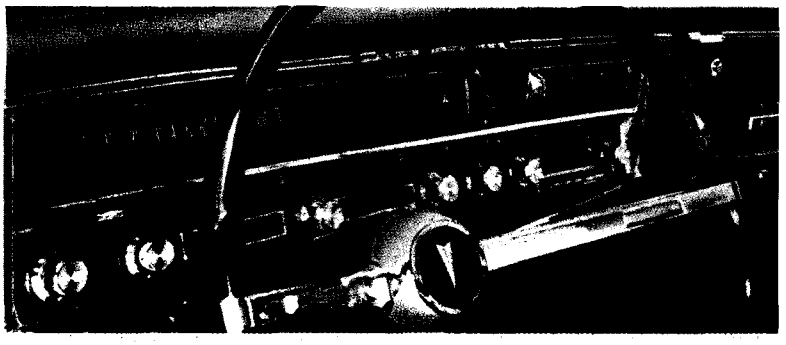

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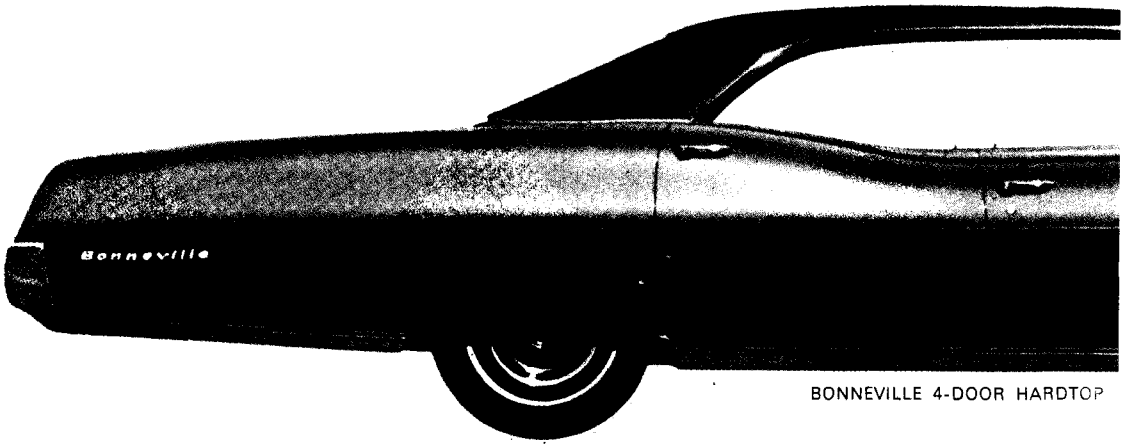

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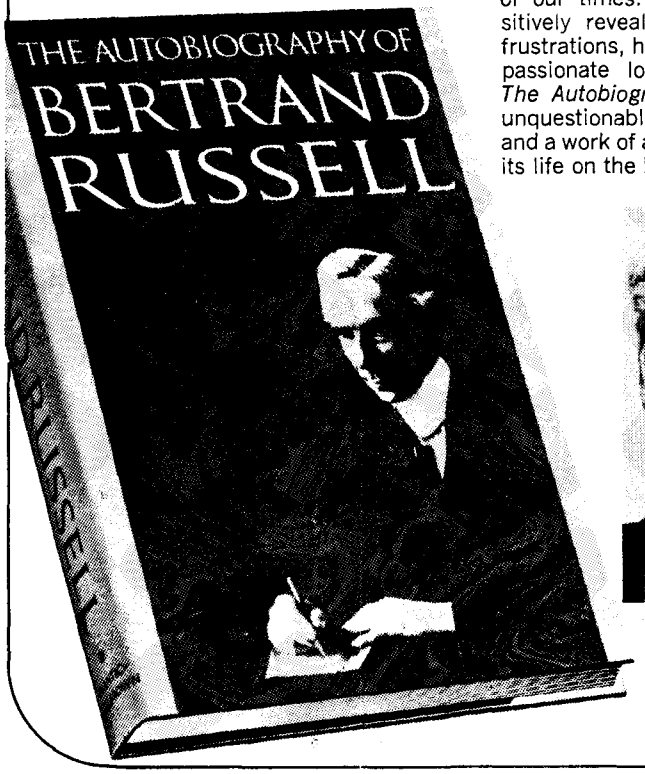

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